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T.R.B. from Washington

Confrontation

★ Resurrection City is doing what Coxey's Army and the Bonus Marchers failed to do. They came at a time of depression, everybody knew there was misery. Resurrection City comes in a surging boom when nobody wants to be reminded of poverty. Yet this is the deeper tragedy; poverty is here and has been here all the time; it is not that America doesn't have the wealth but that it lacks the will to distribute the wealth more fairly. Compared to other nations the US is undertaxed; we could end poverty if we wanted to.

Resurrection City is a good place to stop and consider things. It is a city of plywood shacks – wooden tents – set down beside one of the loveliest glades in the world, the Reflecting Pool picking up the Monument at one end and the Memorial on the other. And the hungry, the poor, the dispossessed are in between.

It is the greatest publicity stunt, advertising thrust, propaganda achievement of modern times: it has evoked a superb documentary from CBS on poverty, and it has put poverty on the front cover of *Time*. Martin Luther King thought it up and he goes marching on, and through the trees the beneficent figure of Lincoln looks down, and on those steps King told 200,000 marchers in 1963, "I have a dream."

But most striking of all is that over the tops of the great avenue of elms, diminishing in perspective, is the dome of the Capitol. That is the confrontation – Capitol and Resurrection City; Congress and the Poor. It is a stunning juxtaposition; nobody who has seen it can forget it. They settle down at night on wooden floors four inches above the ground in shack city, and if they look out, there far off above the trees is the dome glowing in the night.

This is a strange time. Like France, the US achieved a political overturn by non-political means. Suddenly what the French students had begun shook the whole de Gaulle system. And in America there seemed no way for multiplying discontent to find expression through normal political channels, and then a brave man entered the New Hampshire primaries, and the polls continued their tell-tale story, and suddenly Mr. Johnson decided not to run. It happened like that. It was equivalent to the fall of a parliamentary government, and all done by extra-parliamentary means. The forces of democracy had broken through.

It opened the way for our present extraordinary struggle. We are climbing out of the ruins of the Vietnam disaster and trying to make plans for the new city. Congress has had little to do with it. Congress is embarrassed by Resurrection City – by poverty. The 90th is the Irrelevant Congress. On the great issues of the day – Vietnam, riots, student revolt, poverty – it has stood and looked. Yes, it did pass the open housing bill, but that was because of Martin Luther King's assassination. (Kennedy's assassination shoved through the New Frontier.) Which is the more out-of-place in that strange axis in Washington today: Resurrection City at one end, or Congress at the other?

Gawking sightseers who walk around this extraordinary excrescence often fall into passionate debate. The obvious point is that it shouldn't be there. It jolts you. Ambiguous spokesmen of the march, filled with leadership rivalries, promise civil disobedience in one breath and peaceful discipline in the next. Who knows Act II?

Hunger

★ There are two engines in America: the engine of discontent in advertising and TV; and the engine of fulfillment through industrial production. We have a wealth-machine to turn out $830 billion GNP a year; we have demand-machine for making people dissatisfied. All very well when these engines are in phase but a roaring monster when they work against each other.

How badly they are working now is illustrated by that documentary by CBS last week, "Hunger in America," recited with conviction by Charles Kuralt. A nurse on a Navajo reservation pleading for just a little milk to save a wizened starving baby looking 60 years old; a pregnant woman in a Mississippi cabin devoid of proper food; the same woman two weeks later, the baby born and dead. Malnutrition.

Congress shifts from foot to foot uneasily. The Senate debates the toughest crime bill in history with accent on riots; the legislature proposes to cut spending $6 billion. Everywhere Nixon utters the old Hoover cry, we cannot afford to act in social crisis.

The great ploy at present is tax incentives; incentives to get industries into the ghettos: Nixon and Rockefeller and Kennedy urge it. Frankly, we don't trust it. Maybe, here and there, it will work: but where does it lead? – should we give tax incentives for space capsules or moon shots?

Tax incentives, warns Stanley Surrey, assistant secretary of the Treasury, "to cure social problems can dangerously weaken our ability both to control expenditures and make them efficient." He says it might be a bonanza for business to go into ghetto reconstruction; an opportunity to make "tax millionaires" out of "doctors, lawyers and other investors," rescuing the poor.

We just think US poverty is too big a problem to be solved by new tax loopholes. Certainly industry can help. But the task requires social engineering for income maintenance, we believe, on a scale too large for private sources. And meantime what outrageous things are done; the CBS showed babies so weak from hunger they had to be fed intravenously, who weighed less in one year than at their birth, and yet the Department of Agriculture has turned $654 million back to the Treasury unspent in the past few years under the surplus food law, and plans to hand back another $227 million this year. The department is there, you see, to serve the commercial interest of the producers, not to feed the hungry. Government food programs at present reach only 18 percent of the poor. So let's give a fat bonus to General Motors for a plant in Harlem.

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Come On, Nelson

As Crown Prince of the Democratic Party, Hubert Humphrey has the loyalty of most of the King's men. He speaks from a platform of authority. He benefits from knowing who's who and what's what. Still, it's not all roses. He is disadvantaged by an obligation to say that all's well, or as well as could be, and that the past six years are something to cheer about; thus the "politics of joy." It is quite a challenge. For Mr. Humphrey is swimming against a strong tide of popular disquiet and doubt. Its source is the long, costly, humiliating war in Asia which has soured so many Americans on their leaders. But distaste for the war is not all that defenders of the Johnson Administration must contend with. They are bedeviled too by a pervasive fear, grounded in neighborhood knowledge of violence, that the United States may be heading for anarchy. It is this tide of fear – for one's own safety, the safety of children, the security of homes or businesses – that the out-of-power party may ride successfully in November. And few are as adept at riding whatever tides there are than Richard Nixon. Since Senators McCarthy and Robert Kennedy are not the designated heirs of the reigning establishment, they are freer than Mr. Humphrey to speak frankly of these twin anxieties, and they are doing so. Any Democratic nominee, however, is vulnerable in some measure by the fact that his has been the party in command. This may, then, be a Republican year, and that is why the identity of the Republican presidential candidate is a question not of partisan interest alone, but of national, indeed, international, import. It is why Nelson Rockefeller's effectiveness as a campaigner is a subject for anxious discussion.

Mr. Rockefeller has been an enterprising leader of a state that compares in size, wealth and the enormity of its social problems with many a nation. He is not a novice in public administration. But like Robert Kennedy, he has the handicap of a late start in the presidential race. And to make matters worse, when Rockefeller finally did decide to step in and stay, he fumbled his announcement, his answers to reporters' questions were vague and banal. He then proceeded to do poorly in the Nebraska primary and was made to look poorer by an unexpectedly strong vote for Ronald Reagan. He needed to swing from the start, to act like the eager blintz eater he was a few years ago. He didn't. He has drawn big crowds on college campuses, but has appeared lethargic, as if he believed the description of himself which he gave last September in an interview

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with Relman Morin of the Associated Press. Explaining why he did not then choose to run, he said: "I just don't have the ambition or the need or inner drive – or whatever the word is – to get in again." This attitude showed in hearings on the GOP platform held recently by the Republican governors in Pittsburgh and Baltimore. Mr. Rockefeller made little effort to take a strong lead in the discussions, although he is one of the best informed men in the GOP on state and city problems and is chairman of the Republican Governors Policy Committee which has produced an exhaustive study of them. Similarly, at press conferences, in conjunction with the hearings, he turned aside opportunities to say something notable. On the day he was in Pittsburgh, a large troop of Poor People's Marchers were there too, en route to Washington, D. C. With nothing pressing on his calendar, Rockefeller could have met its leaders or showed up at a big welcoming rally held for the marchers that night. Instead, Rockefeller and his fellow governors dined in private that evening with the R. K. Mellons.

More puzzling, however, than his not showing up at a Poor People's Rally (or at a meeting of 15,000 students at Pennsylvania State University, which Rockefeller missed because of weather, but could have addressed by telephone hookup to a public address system) is the poverty of his statements so far on public issues. In the first three weeks following his declaration of availability, Mr. Rockefeller addressed himself in a major way to two problems – the draft and Vietnam. On the draft, he recommended a lottery system of selection. On Vietnam, he opposed "Americanization" of the war (so does the President), and thought the Saigon government should be "broadened" to include "important non-communist groups" (so does Johnson). An earlier speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on urban problems, underwhelmingly received, said little more than that rehabilitating our cities will be costly, but that the job nevertheless must be done. Perhaps, Mr. Nixon says, but it can't be done now.

A real case of need

Rockefeller's overtures to the South (he went there again last week) are mystifying. He isn't the man who can win the South for the Republicans. As governor of New York, as a benefactor of numerous Negro causes, Rockefeller is about as popular below the Mason-Dixon line as Sherman. The only real appeal he has there is of a candidate who, by winning in the North, might carry his party, including its Southern wing, to victory. All he could hope for in Miami is that a dozen or so Southern delegates would withhold their support from Nixon for one or two ballots. It isn't much.

It would be premature to say that Rockefeller has no chance for the nomination. He has been operating, of course, on a different level than barnstorming. He has been meeting privately with party leaders and delegates, and in such informal gatherings he is said to be persuasive. Some of his advisers think they are within striking distance of their first goal – enough votes committed to a half-dozen or more favorite sons, or anybody else, to prevent Nixon's nomination on the first ballot. In pursuit of this goal, Mr. Rockefeller came forth last week with the astonishing statement that there is no "ideological gulf" between himself and Reagan. He'll get nowhere with that sort of obfuscation. Nixon is better at that game than he. What Mr. Rockefeller needs to generate is enthusiasm for him as something *different* than his opponents – equally dynamic but more thoughtful and modern.

The tomfoolery of his remark about Reagan will be overlooked if Rockefeller does pull it off and wins in Miami. But an impressive showing before then in public opinion polls is crucial to that success. As of the end of January, 41 percent of Republicans were for him (55 percent for Nixon); by the middle of March, his percentage had dropped to 32. Polls of *all* voters in early May showed Rockefeller pulling stronger than Nixon, but only just, against any of the three Democrats. Rockefeller's only chance for the nomination hinges on the claim, valid in our opinion, that he is a surer winner than any other Republican. He must make that claim credible.

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Gas Leak in the House

Some time in the next two weeks the House of Representatives will debate the Natural Gas Pipeline Safety Bill. The bill is a product of a bitterly divided committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, whose majority tailored it to the desires of industry lobbyists.

Last year the Senate passed a bill which represented, except for the absence of "criminal penalties for willful violations," the vanguard in consumer legislative drafting. The natural gas lobby, accustomed to rolling its privileges through the Congress and turning government agencies into caterers, was momentarily stunned. Both the independent Natural Gas Association of America and the American Gas Association resolved to make it a different story in the House. They succeeded in forging a phalanx, first in the subcommittee then in the main committee, of Republicans and Southern Democrats. Some state utility commissioners, especially those from North Carolina and Washington State, were active as well. The strategy worked and the bill reported to the House floor is a mere shade of its Senate counterpart.

Here are the weaknesses in the House bill: (1) The civil penalty provisions allow the violator the opportunity to correct the violation before any penalty can be assessed (a leeway highly conducive to repetitive gambling, with the risk being only a compliance deadline); (2) the civil penalties are drastically reduced from the Senate level; (3) gas-gathering lines are exempted entirely; (4) the states – long the patsies of industry via the latter's control over the state utility commissioners – are permitted simply to certify compliance with federal standards over distribution lines, instead of having to shoulder an explicit burden of proof, as the Senate bill provides; (5) the Secretary of Transportation's authority is severely hampered in requiring modification or replacement of portions of the 800,000 miles of transmission and distribution lines that are now in the ground; (6) landowners and tenants are not given explicit legal standing to challenge government safety standards as inadequate, a feature provided for in the Senate version; (7) finally, the Senate authorization for $38 million over a three-year period was cut to $5.5 million.

While the gas industry imposes its will upon the House, around the country gas pipelines and facilities are leaking and blowing up. In the past few weeks, four men were killed in a Portland, Oregon, blast; three boys were seriously burned in an Oxon Hill, Maryland, explosion; six people died and 12 more were injured in a gas main explosion near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; two men were killed and 19 injured in a gas explosion at Sparrows Point, Maryland. In late March a ruptured gas main in the upper east side of New York City required the sealing off of a nine-block area, narrowly avoiding a catastrophic fire. On April 6, several prime business blocks in Richmond, Indiana, were totally destroyed with dollar damages comparable to all the urban riot destruction occurring throughout the nation at that time. Forty-four people were incinerated and over 100 injured. Three days before the blasts, the local gas company received a report from its contractor of 55 leaks in the 60-year-old system. Seven of these leaks were described as "exceptionally large volume of gas leakage requiring immediate attention." Field evidence points very strongly to gas as the chief factor in the destruction. An investigation by authorities will be released soon.

Gas pipelines and mains represent the last transport system not under federal safety authority. Deterioration and aging of much of the system, with pressures reaching 1,300 PSI, will require new investment to replace, or repair and genuinely inspect these lines. The gas industry is in price competition with other energy sources such as electricity and coal. Its incentive to cut costs is strong. The issue before the House will be whether the public is to share in deciding what the margin of safety should be, or whether the gas lobby is to have its way under the façade of a no-law law.

Resurrection City

Politically it remains to be seen what the Poor People's encampment on Washington's Mall can bring about. Architecturally it is already a heartening accomplishment. With little more than a month of preparation, a team of young urban designers has created a functional, decent, safe and sanitary summer camp city of a pop art beauty all its own. Thirty-six years ago, on the mud flats of Anacostia, demonstrators lived in ramshackle huts made from old packing cases, odd bits of lumber, scraps of canvas and tin cans amidst half-buried garbage, flies and disease. Now their successors live in neat rows of ingeniously prefabricated plywood huts, clustered in "neighborhoods" around shower houses with hot water and community halls. There are chemical toilets, mess halls with steam tables for a daily hot meal, a health clinic and even a kindergarten where the kids can be parked while the parents demonstrate.

The daily garbage pick-up and other sanitation measures that far exceed the sorry standards of our permanent cities, let alone our slums, are, to be sure, courtesy of a worried establishment. But the design and construction of this little model city emerged from the ranks of the Poor People's Campaign with John Wiebenson, who teaches urban design at the Univer-

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sity of Maryland, as chief architect.

Wiebenson's simple shelter is an architectural triumph that has already shown it meets all the requirements he set for it. It is inexpensive – approximately $80 for a unit of 80 square feet that houses six people and thus far cheaper than a conventional tent. It can be easily and quickly prefabricated without special skills and machinery. Guided by only two or three professional carpenters, scores of students and even suburban housewives sawed and hammered the components together on the Xaverian College campus near Silver Spring, Md. And the A-frame huts were quickly and easily erected at the rate of 150 a day. When Wiebenson's trained foremen failed, for some reason, to show up one morning, there was no problem. The volunteers saw at once how everything fitted together. They did it themselves.

There are two types of dwellings. One is a dormitory, the other a family unit which consists of two dormitory halves with open space – a tiny atrium, really – in the middle. Parents sleep in one half, the children in the other. Fasten the plastic canvas door on a ridge post and the atrium becomes a covered porch. The canvas is in different colors. A donation of 500 gallons of paint, which the residents are free to apply in the color and design of their choice, has already brightened the somewhat military order of the city's plan. The citizens are also free to pick up the houses and rearrange the streets. Everybody from middle-aged suburban volunteers to little kids from the rural slums could and did pitch in. It's the spirit of the thing that caught them – the barn raising spirit that is touted in first grade history books but that, for all the talk about the urban crisis, seems so sadly lacking in the effort to make our cities safe and sanitary places to live.

ADA Looking Ahead

In a rebirth of its old fervor, the Americans for Democratic Action is setting forth guidelines for the future. Or so it seemed at ADA's 21st annual convention the weekend of May 17-19. This new boldness can be traced to the February meeting of its national board, when a badly split organization did the politically indiscreet thing by endorsing what looked like the hopeless candidacy of Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy. There was a widespread feeling in February that May's convention would be devoted to finding a way to rationalize the indiscretion. Instead, the 500 delegates, many of them young, reaffirmed their endorsement (an estimated 60 percent of the delegates favored McCarthy, compared with 25 percent for Hubert Humphrey and 15 percent for Robert Kennedy). Looking beyond 1968, the basic concept approved by ADA is one of redistribution of income by job-creating programs, limits on unemployment levels (a maximum of two percent by 1969), raising federal minimum wages to "at least $2.50 per hour," a guaranteed annual wage to workers seasonally and intermittently unemployed, and replacement of the welfare system with automatic federal payments in the form of a negative income tax.

Then, moving into the field of personal rights, ADA adopted, with a murmur of dissent, what could be described as a "freedom of pleasure" platform: Personal use and possession of marijuana should not be a crime and unlicensed sale of "pot" should be no more than a misdemeanor; any woman has a right to abortion; "the sexual activity of consenting adults when conducted in private is not an appropriate matter for criminal or other governmental sanctions."

It applauded its chairman, J. Kenneth Galbraith, when he warned that it will no longer be permissible to have a "conservative" in charge of foreign policy, and that the time has come to demand a "liberal" in that role. But ADA really made that decision in February when it endorsed McCarthy.

May was as happy as February was trying, what with a treasurer's report showing ADA running in the black, new chapters being organized, between 5,000 and 10,000 new members signing up in the aftermath of the endorsement and the fields looking ripe for harvest. To do the harvesting, ADA raised a modest sum to hire organizers.

De Gaulle at Home

Grandeur is not de Gaulle's invention. It was the policy of Louis XIV and of Napoleon, both tough rulers who made France a great power. But in the final account, both left her impoverished because of the exorbitant cost of their short-lived foreign victories.

De Gaulle's France became an atomic power, though with relatively small megatonage, and even sought to be an arbiter of the quarrels of others – in Vietnam and the Middle East. In proportion to national income, France was actually dispensing more foreign aid than any other country in the world. Yet half of France has remained a semi-developed, rather obsolete country, with deserted villages and steadily extending areas of land that lies idle. Some of France's factories are among the world's most modern, but many branches of industry are far behind the times. Many essentials are almost as expensive as in the United States, yet the French earn only half of what most Americans do.

In our grumbling world, the French have long enjoyed the reputation of being the loudest and most sustained grumblers, a reputation reinforced in recent

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months. For though the French eat a lot of bread, even they do not live on bread alone. The reasons for grumbling are not just economic. Gallic individualism is still very much alive, despite the dull routines of modern life. The intellectual dictatorship of the Elysee was a constant irritation to the French intelligentsia and semi-intelligentsia, who in France are a very large class. So much explosive material accumulated that one spark was enough to ignite a revolt which is, as yet, more one of mind and of language than of fists. The spark was supplied by the students of Paris, whose grievances are incomparably more substantial than those of Columbia.

As this was written, it was not known what de Gaulle would propose in his May 24 nationwide broadcast. It seems, however, that he will remain in power. A country must be administrated, shops and banks must be open, trains must run, mail be delivered. Even Frenchmen who now occupy factories will soon tire of paralysis. In a few days, in a week or two, they will conclude that any government, even de Gaulle's, is better than none.

But de Gaulle's prestige as his nation's prophet is gone. He will do well if he succeeds, before he quits the scene in 1972 when his mandate expires, or possibly much sooner, in leaving France in better shape than she was in 1958 when he took over and she was threatened with civil war, engaged in Algeria and nearly bankrupt. History may decide that de Gaulle's system, the Fifth Republic, peaked out in those May days of 1968.

Mr. Clark Clifford Out in the Open

In a sense, the hearing was over before it began. The purpose of it was to bring Secretary of Defense Clark M. Clifford to heel and there he was in the Caucus Room of the Old Senate Office Building, meek and elegant in a gray suit and blue tie, ready to tell the Committee on Foreign Relations why it should authorize $420 million in military aid to 48 countries in the next fiscal year.

The committee was no more interested in hearing about that than it was in hearing about the $2.498 billion requested for economic aid. All concerned understood that the committee, after listening to Clifford and without bothering to take testimony on the details of either military or economic assistance, would churn out a minimal authorization and leave the real work to other Senate and House committees. "The aid itself, the routine aid, we have gone over for so many years that there are no great mysteries about it," Chairman J. William Fulbright said back in March when Secretary of State Dean Rusk testified for two televised days, nominally on foreign aid but actually on the Vietnam war and the whole sweep of foreign policy. Clifford, expecting a repeat of the Rusk ordeal and pleading that he had just taken over from former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, refused to appear and the committee told him that if he didn't there would be no foreign aid bill this year. Then President Johnson made his pitch for peace and unity by foregoing another term, the Paris preliminaries to Vietnam negotiations were arranged, and last week Clifford decided that he could safely render the committee the homage it demanded.

The press tables were jammed, the TV cameras were manned, and the cruel lights burned in expectation. Military aid was at the core of the policy of collective security, the policy that led to Vietnam and was under increasing question in this committee and in the whole of Congress. Foreign aid generally was in worse trouble than usual and it was possible, though not as probable as some legislators were saying, that Congress might decline to authorize or appropriate a penny for it. But this was not what had drawn the press and filled the spectators' seats. The interest was in Clifford himself. For years he had been a man of power in the Washington shadows, an adviser to Presidents and an attorney for corporations whose fortunes could turn upon the will of Presidents. Now he was in the open, making his first appearance before a congressional committee as the Secretary of Defense. The word from the White House and the Pentagon was that he had been a great success in his first 11 weeks in the Cabinet, gentling the President toward a conciliatory stance on Vietnam and, with a pat here and a smile there, soothing the hurts inflicted upon the military men by his predecessor. Clifford gives the generals and admirals a warm feeling that they are telling him, rather than the other way around, and they are said to love it after seven years of being told by McNamara. Military policy and the defense budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1 were set before Clifford took office. His ability to retain, with his comradely approach to civilian command, the iron control established by McNamara will be tested this summer and fall when the new Secretary wrestles with the competing services over the following fiscal year's money allocations. His ability to keep Congress happy may be tested sooner, if current rumblings of resistance to the size and policy implications of the pending defense budget come to anything.

There were intimations of trouble ahead at the hearing on military aid, but they were so faint that hardly anybody noticed. What the senators wanted

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was Clifford's obeisance, and this they got when he backed down and agreed to testify. Senator Fulbright, who admires Clifford and detests the policy served by him, was down home in Arkansas, escorting federal relief officials through areas devastated by floods and tornadoes. John Sparkman of Alabama, presiding in Fulbright's absence, seemed to be amused by the proceedings. His eyes glinted with fun when he began the questioning with a reminder that Congress last year cut military aid and abolished the secret revolving fund used to finance a lot of it. Military aid having been cut, "did we suffer?" Clifford mulled the question, remarked upon the troubled state of the world, and gravely answered: "We would have been able to do more last year if the cut had not been put into effect." As if anxious not to be thought dogmatic, he added after a pause, "That would be my view. Others might be of a different opinion."

That exchange set the tone. But a sharper note intruded now and again and, surprisingly in an advocate so famed for his silky skills, Clifford usually brought it upon himself. Out of the blue, for example, he observed that "there is a ferment existing today in Eastern Europe" and said that this was a reason why "we should be very careful not to cut back this minimal program." Albert Gore of Tennessee, obviously startled, said that he did not get the connection between American military aid and the stirrings in such countries as Czechoslovakia and Rumania. With the air of one who perceives that he has just dug a hole for himself, Clifford carefully explained that the connection "would be a general one. If the nations of Eastern Europe are beginning to feel a desire to exert greater freedom, it would be desirable not to rock our boat." Gore was still puzzled. Clifford said that he had in mind Greece, Turkey and Iran, three of the chief beneficiaries of military aid. We need to "present a united front in that part of the world" by helping them, so as to "impress the Eastern European nations." Was Clifford suggesting, Gore asked, that some of the restive communist countries of Eastern Europe "might be in a position to request military aid" from the United States? "I would not be in a position to comment," Clifford answered with unwonted stiffness. Senator Gore let the matter drop – for then.

Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island led Clifford into a discussion of our reduced but continued military aid to Greece since an army junta seized control there last year. Clifford gave the standard assurances that we are using the continued aid as a means of pressing for the return of constitutional government and mentioned two figures not previously disclosed: military aid to Greece at the reduced level runs to $20 million a year and will rise to $65 million when and if full assistance is resumed. "I do not believe Greece is threatened by internal communist subversion," Clifford said. But Greece, junta or no junta, is our NATO ally. It is endangered by "a very substantial increase in Soviet naval activity in the Mediterranean" and "we do not have control over the kind of government that Greece has." Senator Pell drove to the nub of the issue when he asked whether Clifford would agree that full assistance should not be restored until constitutional government is a fact rather than a promise in Greece. "I believe I would *not* agree," Clifford answered. "I believe the obligation upon us as a member of NATO is a more urgent consideration than the type of government in Greece." He then volunteered the remarkable statement that if Senator Pell's constitutional standards were applied to all other members of the European alliance, "NATO would collapse and that would be a calamity."

Frank Carlson, the Kansas Republican, brought up the familiar question of how long we are likely to be in Vietnam and related it to the fact that we have kept troops in Europe ever since World War II and in South Korea since the war there ended in 1953. Were we doomed to be stuck indefinitely, wherever we put our troops and fought? "I have the same concern," Clifford said, but to him the fact that "we have not had another war in Europe" and "we have not had another war in Korea" was proof enough of "the deterrent value" of a sustained American military presence. "I believe," Senator Carlson rejoined, "you have made the argument that we are going to be in Vietnam for years and years to come. It hurts me when we talk about coming home when we know we're not." Clifford replied, "I think it's a perfectly relevant question and one the American people should be considering." When and if a peace is arranged in Vietnam, "we'll bring back the ones there now but we will not bring them back in such a way that we will leave a vacuum. I think it is reasonable to assume that over a period of time our troops will remain there." No senator was unkind enough to remind Clifford that he had assisted in drafting the Manila Communiqué of 1966, with its seeming promise that American forces would be withdrawn from South Vietnam "not later than six months" after peace is agreed to and "the violence subsides." He presumably would not have winced if somebody had reminded him of it. As he pointed out early this year, it can take a very long time for the violence to subside in a country like Vietnam.

Senator Pell asked Clifford whether any thought has been given to the disposal of our military installations in South Vietnam and Thailand, once they are no longer needed for the war in Vietnam. Clifford said that he knows of no studies along that line being made now.

JOHN OSBORNE

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Never Underestimate the Power . . .

Mobilization of Women in Vietnam

Now masses of women – some over 60 years old and many under 15 – are enthusiastically walking on paths leading to the battlefields, working without pay, carrying out supply missions, braving bombs and bullets and doing their utmost to provide the front line with all its needs. – MRS. NGUYEN THI DINH, *Chairman of South Vietnam Women's Liberation Association.*

Saigon

When government forces overran Viet Cong positions after the latest attack on Saigon several weeks ago, they found Chinese-made birth control pills among the battle gear, left by women in the fleeing enemy force. It was not the large number of women in the attack that intelligence officers found surprising – but the pills. Such signs of sex are rarely seen these days in the growing army of women who have swapped jewelry for submachine guns, to take on US soldiers in battle.

During the Tet offensive, US Marines in Hue were pinned down for hours by a machine gun manned by an 18-year-old girl, who was later killed. In Danang, a young lady was captured as the mortar team she commanded prepared to attack the town's mayor. Last week Saigon police arrested Mrs. Phan Thi Bong, 28, trying to smuggle lead for bullets to Viet Cong in a nearby village; some of the ammunition was concealed in her bra. "We know the enemy is using an increasing number of women," Marine Major Bruce Townsend told me in Danang. "But it is difficult to calculate how many. If a few dead women are found after an attack, no one even bothers to report it now."

US soldiers are fighting more women simply because the Viet Cong have suffered heavy losses for the past 24 months. Two months ago the South Vietnam Women's Liberation Association urged its female membership, estimated by propaganda reports at two million, to "use all types of weapons to kill the enemy." The occasion was the seventh anniversary of the Women's Liberation Association, established at a jungle hideout near the Cambodian border on March 8, 1961, as an auxiliary of the National Liberation Front. The early role of the Women's Association was almost purely noncombatant. Women, from 16 to 35, were recruited in South Vietnam's villages and hamlets as nurses, transporters, communication technicians and anti-government propagandists. The Association's first chairman, Mrs. Nguyen Thi Tu, reflected the community-service role of Viet Cong women. She was noted principally for her work with relief charities.

But in 1965 when the US began putting massive injections of troops in Vietnam, the National Liberation Front's Central Committee decided to give women a more aggressive role. As US Marines landed on Vietnam shores early that year, Mrs. Tu the schoolteacher was quietly removed as head of the Women's Liberation Association and replaced by Mrs. Nguyen Thi Dinh, who also was appointed deputy commander of the National Liberation Army and became an important member of the National Liberation Front's Central Committee. Now 48, Mrs. Dinh was born in Ben Tre in South Vietnam's steamy delta, the town that was razed by the US during the Tet offensive. Her revolutionary career began at 19, when she was thrown in jail for four years for anti-French activities. Released from prison, she was credited with organizing single-handedly the Ben Tre uprising against the French in 1945. In 1960, Mrs. Dinh became one of the first women to take up arms against the Ngo Dinh Diem government. Since then she has traveled through South Vietnam's villages and hamlets, wearing the red-checkered scarf that has become her trademark, organizing rural women into tough guerrilla units. Last month Moscow gave her the Lenin Peace Prize.

Under her leadership, the Women's Liberation Association has played an increasingly effective part in the war against the Americans. Although there have been reports of conscription, the Association still relies largely on volunteers to fill up its ranks. A classification system has been set up for recruiting girls. First preference is given unmarried women from rich families (since it is assumed their absence would least inconvenience the family in making a living), then single girls from average families, followed by poor family women with less than three children.

Intelligence officers estimate that women now make up 50 percent of some guerrilla units. A VC directive recently captured in Binh Dinh province ordered the province's Women's Association to step up recruitment. The noncombatants would ensure, said the document, that women "actually replace men in the rear areas so that the latter can devote themselves fully to fighting and destroying the enemy." Female combatants were to be increased to comprise 50 percent of guerrilla units in the lowlands of the province (corresponds to a US state) and 12 percent in the mountains. The women were expected to fight with "ordinary, crude and homemade weapons."

A combined North Vietnamese-Viet Cong regiment

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operating on South Vietnam's coastal plains – where the US 1st Air Cavalry Division has fought many of its battles – includes one all-female reconnaissance and commando platoon (corresponding to an elite US unit), a platoon of female communication technicians and a third platoon of nurses and attendants. Michelé Ray, a French journalist who was captured in 1967 by Viet Cong on the coastal plains, told me after her release that she was more frightened by the black pajama clad girl, armed with grenades and a big US .45 caliber pistol, who was assigned to search her, than by the North Vietnamese troops she met.

Vietnam, which is largely a matriarchal society, has been noted for its female fighters. One of the nation's biggest holidays is celebrated in honor of the two Trung sisters, who led a fierce and successful fight against Chinese invaders hundreds of years ago. The female Viet Cong's version of Joan of Arc is Miss Trieu Thi Trinh. According to legend, Miss Trinh declared: "I want to harness the tempest, to tame the white-crested waves, to slay whales and sharks and to drive away the aggressors, not to resign myself to becoming a concubine to anybody." Then she clambered atop an elephant and rode off to war against the Chinese – 1,700 years ago.

While enemy women haven't been able to harness tempests, they apparently have been successful at keeping VC men in their proper place. One Viet Cong who finally managed to defect to the government side after being stopped once by a band of women carrying submachine guns says: "If you met women units in the field, they would propagandize you until you were exhausted."

Mrs. Huynh Thi Tan commanded a company of 100 Viet Cong men before she defected to the government after her husband, another company commander, was killed. Just to prove to the government she was defecting in good faith, Mrs. Tan gunned down two Viet Cong and turned their weapons over to government forces. "Discipline? There was never any trouble when I commanded the company," says Mrs. Tan. "The men knew who was in charge."

Though there is an increasing number of women fighting US soldiers, the majority still carry out non-combatant missions, transporting rice and ammunition, laying booby traps, carrying dead and wounded from the battlefield, building bunkers and acting as communications and intelligence agents. The battle-tough commanders like Mrs. Tan are still the exception.

Most enemy women are more like Truong Thi My, now 18, whose common Vietnamese name, ironically, can be translated as Miss America. She is a shapely, long-haired peasant girl with cheeks lightly sprinkled with adolescent pimples. Her parents are rice farmers outside Saigon on the edge of the delta. Three years ago when she was 15, the Viet Cong came to her village (pop: 600) and asked for volunteers. She had finished seven years of school and was tired of the drudgery of rice farming. "I was romantic," she recalls. "I wanted to help my country." Miss My joined the Viet Cong as a nurse. For three months, she and four others (one girl, three boys) were crudely trained as medics at a Viet Cong village deep in the delta's jungled Rung Sat Special Zone. After graduation, which was celebrated with cake and tea, she returned home to join the Viet Cong in her village. She often traveled for days with six young Viet Cong, whom she calls "my comrades," though she has no understanding or interest in conventionally defined communism. In early 1967 when the US 25th Infantry Division began operating near her village, My learned to shoot a carbine. One night in February 1967, as she recalls, My and two friends, young men about 20, crawled up to a 25th Division outpost and began firing. "All of us were firing at the same time," she told me, smiling shyly. "I don't know whether I hit anyone or not, but the villagers told us later that we had killed two American soldiers."

After the attack on the US outpost, Miss My and her friends were kept on the run by US airplanes and artillery. When government troops occupied her village, My's parents begged her to return home. She did last November voluntarily turn herself in to the government. She now works as a nurse at a defectors' camp in Saigon, and is engaged to a North Vietnamese officer who surrendered to US Marines near Khesanh several months ago. "I have not met any Americans and perhaps if I knew and understood their customs I would like them," she says, "but I doubt it."

The success of the Women's Liberation Association in the South prompted Ho Chi Minh to encourage North Vietnamese women to participate more in the war. Said Ho in late 1964: "The women of the North should emulate the women in the South." Hanoi then began a widespread campaign, called in typical North Vietnamese jargon the "Three-Resolutions Campaign." The resolutions for North Vietnam's women: (1) Practice thrift and replace husbands, sons and brothers who join the army; (2) carry out household work and encourage men to join the armed forces; (3) do everything to help the fighters and stand ready to join the fighting. By 1967 Hanoi was able to boast that certain war industries had 30 times more women than in 1965. The Long-Haired Army, Hanoi's name for women supporting the war, now makes up 60 percent of the North's light industry laborers, 50 percent of both agricultural and commerce workers. North Vietnam has five women vice ministers (including labor, health and light industry) and 66 women dep-

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uties in the National Assembly (South Vietnam has one). The party recently decreed that all bureaus with women comprising 30 percent or more of the staff must have women as deputy chiefs. In combat areas some work camps have built bathrooms (20 women per bathroom) in bomb shelters so women can bathe safely when US planes attack. Hanoi has ordered a special three-point work schedule for women during menstrual periods: (1) "Light things not heavy; (2) things not carried far; (3) dry things not wet."

When the 21st Anti-Aircraft Company defending Thanh Hoa, a major North Vietnam city, was ordered to Khesanh last October, the defense of the city was assigned to a female unit comprised mostly of girls from 17 to 21 and commanded by a beautiful lieutenant, who has become the heroine of the province. When the women's militia unit of a village near Thanh Hoa shot down a US Navy A-4 bomber, Ho Chi Minh sent the girls a personal commendation, plus Mao-like buttons with Ho's picture on them.

The South has a Women's Army Corps, used mainly as secretaries, and since the Tet offensive college girls have been given minor extracurricular military training. But the nation's National Assembly refused to include females in the call-up of the recently passed general mobilization bill.

Nonetheless, Mrs. Nguyen Cao Ky, the beauteous wife of the Vice President, who is famous here for the eye-straightening operation she received in Japan last year, remarked recently at an art exhibition that if South Vietnam needed women to win the war, she would be the first to volunteer. ZALIN GRANT

"SOMETHING HAS CRACKED, SOMETHING HAS CHANGED"

French Student Power

Je juge cette longue querelle de la tradition et de l'invention
De l'Ordre et de l'Aventure.
– GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

Paris

For a few hours Saturday morning, May 11, it looked like a classic confrontation of Order and Adventure: as their leaders negotiated for a last-minute settlement with the Rector of the Sorbonne, the students dug up cobblestones, ripped down signposts, gathered bricks, boards, wheelbarrows, overturned cars to barricade themselves in a fortress on the Boulevard Saint-Michel. The negotiations collapsed, and the order came from the Ministry of the Interior to take the barricades. The attack followed, wave after wave of helmeted police, shields and clubs in hand, firing tear gas canisters and shock grenades, while the students retreated foot by foot, hurling cobblestones, setting fire to cars as they went, and the local citizenry threw water from the windows to dampen the tear gas, and heaved miscellaneous objects on the heads of the attackers. So it must have been, one felt, in 1830 or 1848 or on any of those dates when French regimes collapsed under pressure from the street. Americans have come to know their own forms of urban violence, but this was different, classic, historical, engaging all the traditional symbolism: the gulf of hatred between the forces of Adventure and the forces of Order – the *Corps Républicain de Sécurité*, particularly ugly professionals in riot control brought in from the provinces for the occasion – was immense, and as the students chanted CRS equals SS, the police slugged away with brutality verging on sadism; *l'Internationale* was begun again and again; and in the Assembly, the right-wing deputies denounced the agitations of "foreign elements," by which they probably meant Daniel Cohn-Bendit, who conveniently happens to be a German Jew, thus giving the right its traditional scapegoat and allowing it to repose in its conspiracy theory of history.

Political revolution was, in fact, never the goal of most of the students, and the most intelligent of their leaders, at least, know this. Despite the fact that the "troubles" started with the agitation of some more or less revolution-oriented groups, or "groupuscules" (as *l'Humanité* called them, serving notice from the outset that there was no alliance possible between "Maoist-inspired" students and the very bourgeois French Communist Party), and that one of the original issues disputed at the new suburban campus of Nanterre was the right of students to hold political meetings in university buildings, the students don't really believe in politics. What finally brought them into the street in thousands was a visceral protest against a system: the bourgeois capitalist state in its incarnation in the bourgeois university, preserver and transmitter of a

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culture of exploitation and dehumanization, a culture which they reject, purveyed to them in a manner designed to destroy its last vestiges of plausibility.

Here, the symbolic gestures of the crowd have been accurate: they marched past the Chamber of Deputies without even a thought of stopping – the Assembly having been reduced to a rather low-grade debating society where majority and opposition play out a sort of psychodrama – but they headed straight for the offices of *Le Figaro*, that daily dispenser of the French bourgeois mentality, chanting *"Le Figaro contre nous!"* If the bourgeoisie in France is today probably still more deeply infected with the idea of privilege, and culture as privilege, than in any other country, the Sorbonne incarnates its *idées recues* in their finest 19th-century flower. Two astute French journalists have suddenly evoked the name of Herbert Marcuse (*One Dimensional Man* has just appeared in French translation), and there is no better place for a young person to experience his alienation from the society and the culture to which he is supposed to be apprenticed than one of the bleakly specialized *cours magistraux* of the Sorbonne, or the *travaux pratiques* carried out by exploited assistants under unspeakable conditions; or at the "model campus" of Nanterre, one of the disasters of modern French architecture, a university of factory buildings and vacant lots in the midst of slums, where no one has yet got around to building a library, where the students are required to maintain residence while the professors disappear, as who would not, as soon as their classes are done.

Prime Minister Pompidou has promised to take the reform of the university personally in hand, and although the Fifth Republic has scandalously neglected the university, there is grounds for practical hope in the nature of Gaullism itself, in its quality as an efficient management of modern corporate capitalism. The French university is by any criteria one of the most inefficient corporations on earth, strangulated by archaic organization, overcentralization, bureaucracy, and unequipped to produce useful results. If the government is willing and able to spend the vast sums needed, and to butcher sacred cows like the *Agrégation* and the *Doctorat d'Etat*, defended by powerful privileged groups, it can probably restructure the university, making it a more effective servant of the modern state.

But to what extent will this satisfy the students, who have now held the forces of Order at bay for nearly three weeks, and are sitting in the amphitheaters of Nanterre and the Sorbonne proclaiming the establishment of the "critical university"? What they have discovered, and what they precisely reject, is the role of the university as society's principal instrument for the conditioning of its future leadership, for "recuperating" youth and assuring its integration within a sick society. What they want is to break the links between the three terms *society-culture-university*, to make of the university the scene of a perpetual calling into question of the world outside, its organization, goals, ideals – the university, not as an efficient instrument of the established order, but as the potential principle of its demise. At present, they have been talking at the Sorbonne, voting their own autonomy from the state, abolishing examinations (since examinations are the means by which the state selects its élites), and giving an example of how the critical university will forge the cultural revolution: the ideal course will put a student and a professor together on the platform before the student body, which will judge the intelligence of the professor's questions and the quality of the student's replies.

The sacred law at the Sorbonne at the moment is that everyone must be allowed to say all he wishes, without fear of interruption. No one can say how long this exhilarating adventure will last, or quite what will come out of it. But it is already clear that something has cracked, something has changed, and that the university, and even the Fifth Republic, will never be the same again. Already, what seemed the inert mass of the teaching corps has come to life extraordinarily: the Faculty of Sciences of Paris has declared its independence from the university – but the scientists, less burdened by the weight of "culture," have all along been more progressive than the humanists; more startling, the assembled Deans of the Faculties of Letters, never known for their militancy, have announced that they will resign *en masse* if major reforms are not forthcoming within a month. The Minister of Education has been forced to recognize, "on an experimental basis," the independence of the University of Strasburg, which is in the hands of a "Student Council." Perhaps even more significant, combined pressure from students and the reporters for the state television forced that tightly controlled and constantly censored government monopoly to show a two-hour program on the student revolt, a program which had at first been censored as too anti-governmental. This victory of the "right to information," which the students see as a primary issue in contemporary society, is of major importance, and achieves, at least in the one instance, what the parliamentary opposition has been striving for years to obtain. Now the students are demanding an hour of television time each week, to bring their cultural revolution to the people. Prague, Berlin, Paris: M. Pompidou has promised a "dialogue" with the students, but one wonders whether he can really assume its risks.

Peter Brooks

Peter Brooks *is an assistant professor of French at Yale, at present on leave in Paris.*

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Jimmy Rollins Is Back in St. Louis (Temporarily)

Columbia, Mo.

Wearing jeans and a blouse open at the neck, Annie Gardner sat on the edge of a tattered couch in the tiny front room of her public housing apartment and, as if reading an obituary of a friend, recounted the tale of Jimmy Rollins: "Before Jimmy came we were nothing. Nobody dared do a thing. We took what they gave us. I tried to get my kids out of Douglass school for years and couldn't," she said, referring to a Negro elementary school which had been segregated until last September. "Nobody listened. They didn't care. . . . Then Jimmy came, and got us to put the pressure on and we all got our kids into white schools."

Annie Gardner first met James H. Rollins, co-chairman with Dr. Benjamin Spock of the National Conference on New Politics, and a former law student at the University of Missouri here, about two years ago when he knocked on her door and asked if she would help him and some others organize a protest to the school board about Columbia's remaining segregated school. Later he got the residents of public housing to push for greater representation on the tenant council and to demand fairer rents and more services. To Annie Gardner and hundreds of other Negroes in this little university town, the seat of Boone County, in the middle of Missouri, Jimmy Rollins was little less than a black messiah.

Jimmy Rollins is gone, exorcised like a black demon, by a Boone County Circuit Court Jury which found him guilty in March of dispensing marijuana to a white girl and sentenced him to five years in the state penitentiary with a provision for no suspension or parole. He's free on bond right now, while his appeal is pending, back in St. Louis leading the black militants.

His sentence may be unmatched in Missouri for its severity to a first offender. White students have been given lighter sentences which were then suspended. Some white students arrested have not been brought to trial. Others found with marijuana, especially girls at fashionable Stephens College, are never arrested, simply turned over to school officials.

Rollins was different. He was a gadfly at the university since he arrived in 1961, straight out of the St. Louis ghetto. Forced on his first day at the university to move from a room shared with a white student, he pushed for an end to segregated dormitory facilities and to discriminatory housing practices by the university off campus. He succeeded, as he did in most other causes he championed at the school. Later he was to extend his work into the community. His civil rights and antiwar activities gained him a notoriety which proved to be second to no other student.

When he was elected chairman of the Columbia chapter of CORE in 1965, he set out to desegregate the Douglass school. Time and again the school board balked. Finally, at a meeting in February 1967, Rollins confronted Robert Shaw, superintendent of schools, directly. In a speech that was splashed the next day on front pages, and on radio and television, Rollins told the board that if Negro children were not taken from Douglass and placed in white schools, "nobody would go to school in this town." Rollins was prepared to surround every school in the city with demonstrators. It took some time, but finally the board announced that Douglass would be phased out. For 13 years after *Brown* v *Board of Education*, the black people of Columbia had watched their children trundle off to that dilapidated 19th-century structure. In little more than a year, Jimmy Rollins had got what court orders had failed to produce, better schools for their kids. He was an overnight hero to Negroes. The white community was outraged at his audacity.

Then Rollins was arrested and charged with delivering a pound-and-a-half package of marijuana to the apartment of Mary Louise Monsees, another university student. Finding Miss Monsees not home, he allegedly asked two others at the house, a white girl and her boyfriend, to give the package to Miss Monsees when she arrived home. They agreed, but before delivering it, they extracted some of its contents, which they took to the police the next day. Miss Monsees and Rollins were arrested. Each was indicted by a Boone County grand jury which had been impaneled three months earlier to investigate drug traffic. Their indictments were the only ones issued by the grand jury. Charges against Miss Monsees were later dropped, and she was allowed to continue her class work through graduation, after which she left to go to Washington, D.C., for a job as a social worker.

Rollins, however, a second-year law student, was summoned in May by a faculty committee on student conduct. The committee asked him to explain his role in the marijuana case. He refused, citing the possibility that anything he might say could jeopardize his case in Circuit Court. The committee dismissed him a week before final examinations, giving no reason except "general misconduct." The decision was overruled by a council of deans, but reinstated by John Schwada, president of the university. An appeal by Rollins to the university Board of Curators failed.

It was almost a year before Rollins was brought

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to trial. It lasted two days. He produced four witnesses, three girls and his roommate, who testified that he was with them the night of the delivery. Testifying for the state, the couple who had turned the package over to police insisted that it was Rollins who had delivered the package. Under cross-examination, however, they admitted that their visibility was impaired by darkness, a long hallway and a screen door, because they never actually let the deliverer into the house for a close look. They were positive, however, that "it was a tall dark man." The most compelling evidence against Rollins was a deposition by Miss Monsees, which stated that he had phoned her later to inquire about the package. Rollins admits to phoning her but denies any mention of marijuana.

The jury of Rollins' peers, all Boone County natives, average age 52, chose to believe the state's witnesses, all of whom were white, rather than Rollins', three of whom were Negroes.

Frank Conley, prosecuting attorney of Boone County, who issued the charges against Rollins, does not believe the sentence is harsh. Rollins had a jury trial, he notes, and could have received up to 20 years' imprisonment under Missouri law. "You and I may be a bit more sophisticated about marijuana," he says, "in light of the new evidence which shows it probably should not be classified as a narcotic. But a jury of 12 men and women probably does not see things that way."

Rollins is spending most of his time these days roaming the ghetto he grew up in. Mostly, he organizes young black men. He is not opposed to burning. But unlike many other black militants, Rollins keeps white friends. "I ain't no separatist," he says, "and I ain't hung up on isms. But if we have to tear this system apart to bring justice to black folks, then I'm not afraid of that either." Will he reenter law school if he wins his appeal? "No man, I've given up on the law. I'm not ever going back."

Dana L. Spitzer

Mr. Spitzer *reports for* The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gang-Busting in Chicago

by Robert A. Levin

The Blackstone Rangers of Chicago's South Side are probably the most publicized gang (or youth organization, as they prefer being called) in the country. A singing group made up mostly of Rangers and bearing the organization's name has appeared on national television. A treaty effected in honor of Martin Luther King with their major rivals, the East Side Disciples, was coast-to-coast news. Estimates of the number of Rangers vary from 1,500 to 5,000. All are male, black; almost all are between the ages of 12 and 23. Their daily life is unreported. The police are a large part of that life.

The police say the Rangers want to become a black Mafia. They attribute over 30 murders during the last two years to Ranger-Disciple clashes. They blame extortion of schoolchildren and businessmen on Rangers. They swear that Rangers have been shot for failure to obey gang orders. Most adults accept this characterization and would like to see the organization destroyed. Their attitudes are shaped by the news media which echo the charges of the police and by the Rangers' on-the-street behavior. It is not attractive.

There was a time when even gang workers thought that gangs were evil and should be wiped out. After all, gang members killed, raped, stole. So in city after city money and man hours were spent, and either the gang was destroyed or it was not. People were still killed in the ghettos, still raped, still stole. Now some social workers think that the gang structure should be used to attack the evils of the ghetto. For everything the think-books say is needed in organizations capable of achieving social change exists in organizations like the Rangers.

In less than two years, the Rangers have grown to their present size from a street gang with 21 members on one block of Blackstone Street. Skillful leaders are the main reason. One social worker describes them as "near illiterates, but geniuses." Dropouts of ghetto high schools, they organized and spread in the manner of the Roman Empire. If there was a gang in another area, the Rangers would work out a treaty bringing it into the Ranger federation, but allowing it cultural autonomy (*i.e.*, its name, its chiefs). If an area was unorganized, the Rangers would organize it, setting up older Rangers as leaders. Currently, these young men are being courted by their elders who have influence

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and expertise. They are being offered resources, and they are learning how to use these resources.

While "straight" community organizations sweat to produce a dozen members at a meeting, the Rangers easily draw a thousand. When Martin Luther King held a rally in Soldiers Field two summers ago, the Rangers turned out in enough strength to march in an unbroken line around the top row of the stadium. They are *the* organization for the young in a community over one-half of whose population is under 25.

My own initial contact with the Rangers came at a time when leaders of the more orthodox community organization I was working with were unable to get any of their members to do the leg-work in distributing a housing questionnaire. I met with the leaders of a Ranger chapter in a church gym. No one smoked until the leader gave a signal and ashtrays were distributed. If someone entered who was not supposed to be there, the leader would signal, and they would leave. When our business was over, the doors were opened, and in came over 100 teen-agers who had been waiting silently in the corridor.

Membership in the Blackstone Rangers gives protection, prestige and pride. For many it is their most rewarding relationship. The loyalties engendered are enormous. One minister who has worked with the Rangers notes that the organization is more than a surrogate family. It is a surrogate nation.

Organized gang fighting involving the Rangers still continues. The Disciples – possessed of a "we're-number-two-and-we-try-harder" attitude, afraid of the threat of Ranger encroachment, and jealous of the Rangers' status and notoriety, have been reluctant to abide by any truces. But the Rangers have been putting a great deal of their energies into constructive action. They have administered an OEO-funded Neighborhood Youth Program and an OEO Job Training Center. They presented a successful musical review, "Opportunity Please Knock." They have received a grant for a Leadership Training Program from the Kettering Foundation. They are planning to begin small businesses such as dry cleaners, pool halls, food stores, recreation centers. And they are definitely interested in maintaining their members past the age of 21 and becoming a political force.

During the West Side riots in the summer of 1966, when outside militant groups urged the Rangers to join in, they elected to keep their neighborhood cool. They cooperated with police and social welfare agencies in reporting and defusing potential explosions. Every night the Rangers held a dance for their members. Attendance was mandatory. In the summer of 1967 the Rangers again opted for quiet. After the shooting of a young girl by a policeman, a Ranger leader was publicly credited by police with keeping a crowd from rioting. After the murder of Dr. King and their truce with the Disciples the Rangers again took to the streets to calm the neighborhoods. Businessmen whose windows had "Do Not Touch" signs signed by the Ranger leadership held a press conference later to commend the Rangers and to deny police extortion charges.

Despite their good works, the Rangers are subjected to a great deal of police harassment. Perhaps this is due solely to resentment of the Rangers' status by the individual policemen. Perhaps it is because department officials really think the Rangers are a major criminal threat. Or it may be the result of pressure from economic interests in the city who will benefit from the Democratic Convention scheduled for Chicago in August and who see the Rangers as potentially disruptive. Or it may be because the political forces which benefit from control of the ghetto see the Rangers, who turned out a 70 percent vote in their wards recently in an election for an alderman, as a threat to their power.

Whatever the reason, Rangers are hazed, slapped around, insulted, taken in squad cars and dropped in territories of rival gangs, and arrested on the slightest pretext. Their leaders are prime targets. Their sheets frequently show dozens of arrests but only one or two minor convictions. The reported head of the Rangers has been arrested 20 times as an adult and convicted once, for disorderly conduct. He was arrested last fall and charged with murder. His trial was delayed as long as possible, and then, with much less publicity, the charges against him were dropped for lack of evidence. Another Ranger reports being warned by a policeman to keep out of a particular area. The officer saw him there three straight days and on each occasion arrested him for disorderly conduct under a vague, catch-all city ordinance which was recently declared unconstitutional. The Ranger, unable to afford bail, spent the night in jail each time; each morning he was discharged because the arresting officer failed to appear. After the third arrest the Ranger started hanging out elsewhere.

This February, a Ranger claimed to have been picked up by police and accused of distributing guns. He was questioned about the whereabouts of the guns and beaten. Then he says he was taken to the basement of a police station where he was partially stripped and blindfolded and his hands cuffed behind his back. The police continued to beat and question him. Finally one said, "Kill that prick." Another said, "We're on the

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verge of killing you." He heard the click of a gun being cocked. He was terrified. He was sure they were going to kill him. Then one said, "He don't know nothing. Let him go." They took him out of the back room, told him he ought to get a job and start raising a family, ticked off the names of leaders they'd jailed and said they'd get the leaders first and then the warriors. He was given a dollar for carfare and a card with the names of several policemen on it. He says he was told to call them in a week with information about the guns or they would kill him.

In late March another Ranger charged that two detectives stopped him, placed him in their automobile and questioned him about ROTC rifles stolen from a Chicago high school. He says he was driven to a parking area on the lake front where he was made to stand on a narrow piling at water level while the policemen stood above him on the landing and kicked at his hands as he tried to hold on for balance. The water would have been above his head. He can't swim. Then he was pulled onto the landing and ordered to kneel. He refused and was knocked to his knees. One officer squirted him twice with a chemical believed to be MACE. He was told to meet the police the next day with the rifles or they would kill him.

Known Ranger hangouts, such as pool halls, are frequently raided by the police, who enter at will, line everyone up against a wall, search and question them. Evidently the raids are designed to create fear and respect for police authority and to break down the pride and prestige associated with being a Ranger. The Rangers are ordered to address the police as "Sir." Manner of dress affected by the Rangers is mocked; often they are told not to wear such apparel in the future. A wisecrack may produce a punch, a belt with a gun, or an arrest for disorderly conduct.

A popular target for police raids this past winter was a house owned by the Chicago Theological Seminary where Rangers and seminary students live together as part of a program under the aegis of the Seminary. Between December 1967 and February 1968, police entered the house 10 times without the consent of the residents and with questionable legal cause. Six of these raids occurred within 12 days. Twenty-six arrests were made. Of the 15 individuals tried to date, 14 have been acquitted and one convicted for running a disorderly house, a verdict now being appealed. In eight of the 10 raids there the premises were searched. They produced one gun stock, one kitchen knife, two curtain rods. Once the police fired shots inside the house. They kicked in doors and windows and dumped furniture and personal effects. They repeatedly said they intended to shut the house down.

Even the Rangers' church headquarters has not been spared harassment. It is common for police to stop, question, and search those going to and leaving the church. The most recent raid occurred in January. The police alleged "hot pursuit," citing a tip by an unidentified woman that two boys with guns had run into the church after a gang skirmish on the street. The police ignored the first and second floors, which are used for Head Start classrooms and church offices, but searched the third floor which is used by the Rangers, and the basement. They went room by room, taking doors off hinges, unrolling tarpaulins, searching desks, a piano, garbage cans. They even checked chimney flues.

In one basement closet the police found two boxes of shells and a rifle which church people say had been there for years and was inoperable. They also found a steel pipe with a cap at either end which they described as a "bomb" to reporters whom they had tipped off. Church officials say it was a pipe used in the construction of the building. No arrests were made, but a great deal of bad publicity for the Rangers was generated.

People who work with the Rangers are also objects of police attention. Seminarians who give Rangers rides in their cars report being tailed by police and occasionally stopped and questioned or threatened with or charged with traffic violations. One minister reports he was followed about one-half mile by a police car and stopped for failing to signal a turn. When he and his passengers, two Rangers and a woman civil rights worker, denied this and protested, they were arrested for disorderly conduct. Subsequently, that charge was dropped on the grounds that there was no probable cause to prosecute, and the minister was acquitted of the traffic violation. A church worker at the Ranger headquarters who recently asked a policeman who was questioning a group of Rangers what was going on, was arrested as disorderly. Charges against him were also dropped prior to trial.

The police are the white American society, the white American law and order the Blackstone Rangers see most of. The police can act in a systematic, illegal manner, and the Rangers have no effective redress. A Chicago detective characterizes the department's Internal Investigations Division as a washing machine: "Everything they put into it comes out clean." Civil suits against policemen are unproductive; judges and juries rarely will take the word of a private citizen against that of a policeman. Political leaders and most civil rights groups show little interest in championing gang youths. The police don't worry about tomorrow, it's the now that counts. But tomorrows keep coming. An old Negro adage says, "Everybody's gotta pay their dues." That includes policemen and the society they purport to serve.

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Why I Am for Nixon

by Robert H. Bork

Subscribers to *The New Republic* are not precisely the audience one might choose for an exposition of the superior merits of Richard Nixon. I would guess that no advocate has faced a less promising jury since Daniel Webster represented Jabez Stone. The difficulty is twofold. I suppose that I am addressing an audience in the advanced stages of "liberalism" (the quotation marks are not meant to be offensive and will be explained subsequently), which means that I must argue, first, that Nixon is not the man they think he is, and, second, that the political attitudes and responses they have cultivated throughout their adult lives are mistaken and, in these times, dangerous.

The "liberal" aversion to Nixon as a personality is often expressed in clichés about "image" and "sincerity." These factors are stressed so heavily that it often sounds as though there were not substantive problems to be dealt with but only the question of which man can best project compassion and concern. Yet we are obliged to remember that it does make a difference whether one solution rather than another is applied, and that reactions to false solutions by men who raise expectations highest may be all the more bitter and violent for that very reason. This rather empty concern with marginal differences in images may be due in part to the depressing difficulty of the problems we face. In *The Lonely Crowd* David Riesman observed that as audiences lose confidence in their ability to judge the technical competence of public performers, they are likely to begin judging qualities such as sincerity which, often quite erroneously, they imagine themselves able to detect. The seeming intractability of our national problems may be having the same effect upon our modes of assessing presidential candidates. Professor Riesman's article on "McCarthy & Kennedy" in this journal (April 13) could be read as evidence that he has succumbed to the syndrome he identified. Perhaps we are becoming a nation of other-directed voters, but I have yet to be persuaded that we ought to.

The core of the personal charge against Nixon is that he is somehow "opportunistic." What does it mean to say that a politician on the national scene is opportunistic? If it means that he is pragmatic, that he is willing to take tactical advantage of his opponents' mistakes, I would suppose that to be part of the definition of his calling. The charge is a little like calling a trial lawyer glib or a surgeon adroit. If the indictment means that Nixon is likely to change fundamental positions for the sake of apparent political advantage, then I think it flatly false. Nixon is comparable in this respect to McCarthy and Humphrey. Though I might not know in advance what either of them would say about a particular question, and though I would expect them to tack and trim according to the winds of the moment, I would also feel confident of their general location on the ideological spectrum. So with Nixon. One can predict the general range within which his programs, as well as his rhetoric, will be found. That is why I am able to feel a degree of admiration for all three men. Their opportunism is tactical, not strategic. It is difficult to muster the same confidence about Robert Kennedy, to down the suspicion that he may be a seeker of power for its own sake, a kitten on the ideological keyboard who will play any tune having political appeal. If there is substance to that suspicion, he would be a dangerous President, all sail and no anchor, increasing the already disturbing tendencies to instability in our society. One of Nixon's traits most irritating to the moderate left is his refusal to fit the stereotype of a "conservative." Few things are more intensely frustrating than finding an obstinate and willful reasonableness in an adversary. Rockefeller is less disturbing, being sufficiently like the Democrats to be judged on the same criterion of marginal differences in style.

Richard Nixon is doubly troublesome because his basic values are actually the values espoused by the moderate left but his means of implementation are different. On the issue of means, moreover, he has a strong case, one that not only poses difficult intellectual questions but challenges the presuppositions of the "liberal" left. That portion of the Democrats' philosophy which is distinctively theirs is also intellectually bankrupt and that fact is pressing upon the awareness of many "liberals." One should expect the creation of defense mechanisms to delay that realization, and the conversion of intellectual issues into moral issues is a splendid adaptive device for obsolete political philosophies. Hence the repeated suggestion that Nixon is not acceptable on moral grounds. If

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morals refer to honestly held values, Richard Nixon is not morally distinguishable – at least not to his disadvantage – from any of the Democratic presidential aspirants. We have not come to the point where intellectual disagreement about ways to achieve shared goals can be termed a moral failing.

There is, finally, working against Nixon an irrational emotional hangover from his role in the Hiss case. Partisans on both sides of that case made Hiss, quite improperly, into the symbol of the entire New Deal era. Belief in his guilt or innocence on a priori grounds acquired a religious intensity. Nixon, being primarily responsible for the intelligence and tenacity of the investigation that ultimately brought Hiss to trial, has suffered unfairly from residual animosities, though, so far as I have been able to discover, his performance in the investigation was to his credit. Nixon has surely also suffered for being labeled a strong anti-communist in an era when the moral stench of Joe McCarthy's rampages made it difficult to distinguish between real fish and red herrings. (I am not, by the way, one of those who condemns Robert Kennedy for his role in the McCarthy fiasco. He was young and certainly a peripheral figure. The question is whether or not he retains the same overriding affinity for power that seemed to lead him to the senator's side.)

On the question of Nixon as a man (as distinguished from his "image"), the evidence, I think, is clear and favorable. He is at least as intelligent as any of his major rivals in either party. He has had a broad and intensive experience in affairs of government and at every stage in his career he has worked hard and ably. He is surely better informed than most of his rivals on questions of foreign policy, where his pragmatism is a major asset, and his comments on domestic policy are balanced and thoughtful. For those who are impressed by testimonials, there is, among others, the opinion of James Reston who finds Nixon has grown and matured philosophically over the years.

Nothing about Nixon suggests that he deserves to be written off as a troglodyte or that his arguments do not merit the respect of reasoned disagreement. The dismissal of Nixon upon the personal grounds so often heard is frivolous, if not vicious. Those who take their politics seriously, for whom the substance of government is more important than the petty pleasures of snidery, ought not to lend themselves to this "liberal" variant of anti-intellectualism. But all this is rather less than half the issue since I tend to agree with Arthur Schlesinger Jr. – who has at the moment perhaps a somewhat more pressing tactical need to insist upon the point – that "politics is not a means of rewarding personal virtue. It is above all a means of meeting public necessities and fulfilling public hopes." In these terms, the crucial subjects today are foreign policy and domestic tensions.

The identification and forwarding of long-run American interests abroad is an intensely pragmatic business. Nixon appears to possess the requisite knowledge, calmness and realism. Rockefeller, as Riesman noted, may be unsuitably ideological in this area. There is no reason to think that McCarthy is particularly qualified on the subject or that he has applied himself to learning it. Kennedy's temperament is uncertain; and Humphrey, his loyal defense of Johnson's Vietnam policy aside, is an unknown quantity.

The area in which ideological distinctions are appropriate is domestic policy and it is here that Richard Nixon has his strongest case. It may seem surprising to hear Nixon described as the representative of an ideology, but it is both accurate and the factor that makes him an important national figure. I would not overdraw the picture; we are dealing with differences in emphasis, not dichotomies; but differences in emphasis are crucial and tend to cumulate over time.

At the beginning of this piece I placed quotation marks around the word "liberal" when using it to denote persons occupying moderately leftish positions, such as McCarthy, Humphrey and Kennedy. My reason was that such persons have no exclusive claim to that title. All of the mainstream of American political thought is liberal, if we use the word properly to indicate the political outlook whose goals are freedom, equality of opportunity, and rising living standards. In this correct sense of the word, Richard Nixon is as liberal as Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy ever dreamed of being. The difference between Nixon and the Democratic presidential contenders, the difference between the dominant tendencies of the Republican and Democratic Parties, is largely about means to agreed ends, and may fairly be said, I think, to correspond to the differences between two strands of liberalism that I call, for want of better names, "classical" and "collectivist."

The dominant ideological core of the Democratic Party in our time is collectivist liberalism while, by accident, intuition, or design, that of the Republicans is classical liberalism. That distinction is one we are bound to take into account if we ask, not which candidate has the better image or the greater command of the rhetoric of compassion, but which candidate and which philosophy will produce in the immediate future and 20 or 30 years hence a freer, more prosperous, and more stable American society.

Collectivist liberalism is an increasingly self-defeating philosophy because it attempts to achieve liberal goals through flatly inconsistent, illiberal means: statism; legal coercion as a substitute for voluntary action; central planning of economic and social relations.

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Not only do these means continually encroach upon the freedom liberals value, but they have not dissipated the problems they were introduced to solve. Indeed, as the problems grow worse and the bitterness among us greater, as riots erupt even where welfare programs have spent more money per capita than is conceivable on a national scale, "liberals" have displayed signs of panic and of well-founded doubt that their ancient panaceas offer any hope. Yet, they apparently have no further solutions to offer except more control by government, and we have the spectacle of candidates competing in the round numbers of billions of dollars they promise to spend if elected.

The problem, of course, is both economic and spiritual, which is to say that its solution requires not merely the alleviation of Negro poverty but the encouragement of black pride and independence. This is one reason that merely increasing welfare payments, however lavishly, and building more public housing is not a solution and indeed may make divisions and bitterness deeper. The other reason, specified by Nixon with considerable political courage, is that in a time of acute financial crisis, when inflation may wipe out other gains, when the dollar is in trouble abroad, when budget cutting has actually become politically popular, it is simply irresponsible to promise for an indefinite period virtually unlimited increases in federal spending. "One thing worse than not keeping a promise," he said, "is making a promise that cannot be kept." And even if the promises of enormously increased welfare spending could be kept, does anybody think they would provide an answer? Nixon seems quite accurate when he says: "For too long, white America has sought to buy off the Negro – and to buy off its own sense of guilt – with ever more programs of welfare, of public housing, of payments *to* the poor, but not *for* anything except for keeping out of sight: payments that perpetuated poverty, and that kept the endless, dismal cycle of dependence spinning from generation to generation." His own approach is to try, through a variety of techniques, to build strong, independent black institutions which will be manned by Negroes at all levels. Only with the development and expansion of black capitalism will Negroes be brought into the main economic stream, finding opportunities at all levels of business and the professions, and building the pride and independence that can come only with economic power and self-sufficiency. Vastly increased welfare payments are no substitute for this and will surely have an opposite effect upon individual and racial pride.

This is not an argument against welfare programs for the poor. It is an argument that nothing worthwhile will be accomplished through primary reliance upon the continuous escalation of such programs, even if that were financially and politically feasible. Nixon proposes, among other things, tax incentives to businesses that locate in core cities or rural areas. The latter suggestion is designed not merely in the interests of equity but to relieve the pressure on the cities. He proposes a number of means for making capital available for black-owned and black-run businesses, for advising new Negro enterprises in the techniques of business management, for giving tax credits to businesses that train and upgrade low-skilled workers, for a computer job bank, for making home ownership easier, and a variety of other measures. These proposals are important because they are within our financial reach, because they would help make Negroes independent of never-ending government supervision, because they would provide hundreds of thousands of independent decision centers, because men would be trained for jobs that the market has determined to exist rather than for jobs that a federal bureaucracy has imagined, often incorrectly, to exist, and because they do not involve the ever-increasing expansion of governmental control over individuals. (Some of Kennedy's proposals are similar but he also demands vastly increased welfare spending and, as will be seen, actively supports measures that defeat Negroes' progress and aspirations.) It is easy enough for a politician to talk the language of compassion and concern but hard to translate it into programs that have a chance to accomplish the ends sought. Richard Nixon appears to have done that more imaginatively and realistically than any other candidate now offering himself to the American public.

Two related points merit brief mention: the appropriate rhetoric of reform; and the political alliances that affect reform. Nixon's rhetoric has been notably moderate and steadying, in contrast to much that has been divisive if not semi-hysterical. Nothing is to be gained and much may be lost if public figures continue, for instance, to lay all of the Negroes' problems at the door of "white racism." Racism there undoubtedly has been and continues to be, but it is neither accurate nor helpful to attribute all difficulties to it. Both whites and blacks are made resentful and energies are diverted from the constructive action, governmental and individual, that can improve matters.

The problem of rhetoric is not confined to racial tensions, however. There has been a notable decline in the civility of public debate in our society and a related increase in the willingness of various groups to abandon discourse altogether in favor of direct, forcible action. This "fascism of the left" is intolerable in itself and courts the danger of provoking a violent authoritarian reaction. Much of the anti-democratic, anti-intellectual sentiment and action displayed by the

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New Left and others surely results from the overheated, moralistic denunciations of our society, coupled with the approval of direct action by fighting groups, that we have heard for so long from the old left, the collectivist liberals. Our society, far from being "sick to the core," is remarkably free and stable, but we have no idea how much stress of this sort it can withstand and it would be well not to find out. Whatever might be proper in a society unaware of its problems, we at this stage in our development do not require leaders who regularly employ the rhetoric of divisiveness, guilt, and moral condemnation. This is rather the time for the language of constructive, detailed reform, language that seeks to preserve our processes as well as our moral consensus.

The problem of political alliances is equally crucial to reform. The Republican center, which Richard Nixon represents, is freer to act in ways that matter because its strength does not depend, as does that of the Democrats, upon an alliance of antagonistic special interest groups. I doubt that most liberal Democrats realize the extent to which their party is forced into the most extreme illiberal measures by its need to buy the support of special interest groups. One clear-cut example may make the point clear. There is in modern America no conceivable excuse for the kind of minimum-wage increase that the Democratic Administration pushed through last year. The virtue of minimum-wage legislation is an article of faith with collectivist liberals, but its effects and the sources of its real political appeal are far different than they imagine. The popular myth is that minimum wages redistribute wealth from wealthy employers to poor workers. The plain truth, recognized by economists of widely different political persuasions, is that the effect of such laws is to protect well-paid, highly skilled workers from the competition of the less skilled. Laws that raise the minimum price of labor mean that the first to be fired and the last to be hired are the less skilled. Given the present distribution of skills in the work force, hikes in the federal minimum wage mean unemployment for Negroes and particularly for Negro teenagers trying to enter the labor market. The introduction of the $1 minimum wage in 1956 created the first striking disparity between white and nonwhite teenage unemployment rates. Each new increase has hit rural and urban Negroes harder than whites. The net effect of these laws is to deepen poverty and make welfare measures more expensive and less effective.

The Democrats' support of high minimum-wage laws is not due solely to economic naïveté. I cite Robert Kennedy, who, upon at least two occasions in his 1964 campaign for the Senate, told union audiences that it was necessary to raise the federal minimum wage so that employers could not hire less skilled workers in the South. Any man of even moderate intelligence knows that a policy that prices Southern blacks and whites out of the labor market also prices Northern blacks into unemployment. This is hard to reconcile with Kennedy's highly touted concern and compassion for the underprivileged; it is easy to reconcile with the Democratic reliance upon the union chieftains for voting strength. As Kennedy told the UAW convention on May 9 of this year, "Labor remembers its friends. Let me tell you, so do the Kennedys." Republicans do not have those debts to pay; they have a generalized support, not a coalition of mutually antagonistic interest groups. The supposed Republican "alliance" with business is a Democratic political myth. Business is a group with conflicting interests and Republicans could not, if they wished, barter special privileges for votes with the business community in the way Democrats can and do with union and farm organizations. The Democratic Party's dependence upon groups seeking special privileges through law forces that party when in power to take away with one hand what it gives with the other, to inflate and tax to make up for the damage done by laws like the minimum wage. The toll in wasted human lives and potential, in despondency, in slum living conditions, and in lasting bitterness toward American society from this one bit of class legislation alone is immeasurable but clearly enormous.

The case for Richard Nixon, then, is that he represents the center of the Republican Party which corresponds roughly to the political philosophy of classical liberalism. The election of Nixon as President would be the election of a man who fully shares liberal values and who goes about achieving them in realistic ways that maximize the opportunities for individual freedom and self-respect. It would also be an unparalleled opportunity for the ideological and intellectual rebirth of the Republican Party that Eisenhower, predictably, was unable to achieve. The philosophy of classical liberalism offers powerful analytical and rhetorical tools to the party that develops and uses them skillfully. We are apt to overstress the desirability of the nonpolarization of our political parties. Their internal heterogeneity does lend increased stability to government and society, and no sensible man would wish to see rigidly sectarian parties develop in this country. But the point can be pushed too far. Society has other virtues than stability. For those of us concerned with the maintenance and extension of freedom, rising living standards, and adherence to democratic processes, the approach of classical liberalism provides the best hope for the future. Of all the men actively seeking the Presidency, Richard Nixon is closest to classical liberalism and, therefore, most likely to achieve truly liberal goals.

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Revolution and Counterrevolution

(But Not Necessarily About Columbia!)

by Zbigniew Brzezinski

A revolutionary situation typically arises when values of a society are undergoing a profound change. The crisis in values in its turn is linked to profound socioeconomic changes, both accelerating them and reacting to them. For example, the transition from an agrarian to an industrial society produced very basic changes in outlook, both on the part of the elites ruling the changing societies and also of the social forces transformed by the changes and produced by them. Similarly, it can be argued that today in America the industrial era is coming to an end and America is becoming a technetronic society, that is a society in which technology, especially electronic communications and computers, is prompting basic social changes (see "The American Transition," *The New Republic*, December 23, 1967). This automatically produces a profound shift in the prevailing values.

The crisis of values has several political consequences of relevance to revolutionary processes. First of all, it prompts ambivalent concessions by the authorities in power. The authorities do not fully comprehend the nature of the changes they are facing, but they are no longer sufficiently certain of their values to react in an assertive fashion – concessionism thus becomes the prevailing pattern of their behavior. Secondly, increasingly self-assertive revolutionary forces begin an intensive search for appealing issues. The purpose is to further radicalize and revolutionize the masses and to mobilize them against the *status quo*. Thirdly, limited claims begin to be translated into more fundamental claims. Expedient escalationism of demands is typically a revolutionary tactic, designed deliberately to aggravate the situation and to compensate for initial revolutionary weakness.

A revolutionary situation is thus a combination of objective and subjective forces. Revolutions do not come by themselves, they have to be made. On the other hand, unless a ripe revolutionary situation exists, revolutionary efforts can be abortive. Abortive efforts can contribute to the creation of a revolutionary situation, but a truly revolutionary situation arises only when a society is ill at ease with itself and when established values, legitimacy and authority are beginning to be seriously questioned.

In that setting, confrontations, the test of will and power, begin to be more and more frequent. Revolutionary forces engage in repeated probes to test the reactions of established authorities, while searching for appealing issues around which to rally. The initial phase of the revolutionary process thus involves a protracted game of hide-and-seek. The authorities try as skillfully as they can to avoid a head-on confrontation: they concede in a limited fashion while trying to avoid confronting fundamental issues. The revolutionary leaders, by their probes, seek to identify weak spots and to provoke a head-on, direct clash.

The critical phase occurs when a weak spot has been identified, appealing issues articulated, and the probe becomes a confrontation. At this stage the purpose of revolutionary activity is to legitimize violence. If the initial act of violence is suppressed quickly by established authorities, the chances are that the revolutionary act itself will gain social opprobrium; society generally tends to be conservative, even in a situation of crisis of values. Thus a revolutionary act is likely to be condemned by most, provided it is rapidly suppressed. If the revolutionary act endures, then automatically it gains legitimacy with the passage of time. Enduring violence thus becomes a symbol of the authorities' disintegration and collapse, and it prompts in turn further escalation of support for the revolutionary act.

Simply by enduring defiantly, the initial act of revolutionary self-assertion becomes legitimized and it contributes to further escalation of support as latent social grievances surface and are maximized. In every society latent grievances exist and a social crisis brings them to the forefront. Moreover, equally important is the manufacturing of grievances and demands to express unconscious resentment of authority. Most individuals

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and groups to some extent resent authority; a defiantly enduring revolutionary situation brings out this unconscious resentment and prompts the manufacturing of grievances and demands which are designed to define an anti-authority posture.

An important role in this revolutionary process is played by legitimist reformers and intellectuals. Intellectuals by their very nature are unwilling to pick sides, since they are better at identifying gray than siding with black and white. In a revolutionary situation, they are particularly concerned with not being stamped as counterrevolutionary conservatives. They are thus desirous of proving their reformist convictions, even at the cost of compromising their posture as reformers and becoming more closely identified with revolutionaries. Moreover, many intellectuals tend to be frustrated power-seekers, and a revolutionary situation creates a ready-made opportunity for the exercise of vicarious statesmanship.

In a revolutionary situation, their desire for power yet their inability to side with one or the other side prompts intellectuals to adopt a third posture, namely that of interposing themselves between the revolutionary and anti-revolutionary forces. In doing so, they often place their intellect in service of emotions rather than using emotions in the service of intellect. Many are highly excitable; their political weakness and lack of organization inclines them increasingly in a revolutionary situation to rely on demagogy. At the same time, accustomed generally to dealing with established authorities, they are more experienced in coping with the authorities than with the revolutionary forces. Thus, in the process of interposing themselves, they are inclined to apply most of their pressure against the established authority, with which they have many links, than equally against established authorities and the revolutionary forces on behalf of reformist appeals. In effect, irrespective of their subjective interests, the legitimist reformers and intellectuals in a revolutionary situation objectively become the tools of the revolutionary forces, thus contributing to further aggravation of the revolutionary situation and radicalizing the overall condition.

When faced with a revolutionary situation, the established authorities typically commit several errors. *First of all,* because they are status quo oriented, they display an incapacity for immediate effective response. Their traditional legalism works against them. Faced with a revolutionary situation, instead of striking immediately and effectively, they tend to procrastinate, seeking refuge in legalistic responses. *Second,* in so doing, they tend to opt for negotiating with the new interposing element, thus obscuring the clear-cut confrontation. An early confrontation would work to the advantage of the authorities, since mass support begins to shift to the revolutionaries only after the situation has been radicalized. *Third,* while negotiating with the interposing element, they tend to dribble out concessions rather than to make them in one dramatic swoop, thereby gaining broad support. *Fourth,* when finally force is employed, the authorities rarely think ahead to post-use-of-force consequences, concentrating instead on the application of force to the specific challenge at hand. They thus neglect the important consideration that the use of force must be designed not only to eliminate the surface revolutionary challenge, but to make certain that the revolutionary forces cannot later rally again under the same leadership. If that leadership cannot be physically liquidated, it can at least be expelled from the country (or area) in which the revolution is taking place. Emigrants rarely can maintain themselves as effective revolutionaries. The denial of the opportunity for the revolutionary leadership to re-rally should be an important ingredient of the strategy of force, even if it is belatedly used. *Fifth,* in the application of force, a sharp distinction should be made between the direct challenge and the masses which the challenge has tended to bring out. Thus, in the event of violence in a specific setting, the first objective of force ought to be the clearing of the area of those not directly committed and not involved in the revolutionary process. Only after the direct revolutionary participants have been fully isolated should force be directed directly against their strongholds. Moreover, if isolated for a period of time, the revolutionaries themselves may be more inclined to bargain. Finally, established authorities often fail to follow up effective violence with immediate reforms. Such reforms ought to be designed to absorb the energies of the more moderate revolutionaries, who can then claim that though their revolution had failed, their objectives were achieved. This is very important in attracting the more moderate elements to the side of the authorities.

For every revolution that succeeds, at least ten fail. It is not always a matter of abortive revolutionary situations. Frequently, the revolutionary leaders are themselves guilty of certain errors, typically tactical ones. Under the pressure of dramatic events, they tend to make more and more excessive demands, designed to radicalize and politicize specific grievances. In so doing, they often outrun their supporters and end up losing mass support. Moreover, they often engage in wrong symbolization, focusing on personalities rather than on basic issues. Such personal symbolization does not have staying power over the long haul, and it gives the other side the option to change or to keep the personalities involved, depending on the other side's judgment of the utility of one or the

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other tactic. Secondly, revolutionary leaders frequently overdo their reliance on emotionalizing appeals. For example, the condemnation of violence by revolutionaries is too transparent to be long effective. If sincerely meant, it stamps the revolutionaries as naïve, for violence necessarily accompanies a revolutionary process; if used as a tactic to mobilize support, it tends to backfire after a while because it eventually becomes evident that the revolutionaries themselves court violence in the hope of further radicalizing the situation. Finally, there is a tendency, and this is very important, of the revolutionaries to overestimate the revolutionary dynamic that they have set in motion. Revolutionaries tend to operate in a fishbowl atmosphere and to assume that their context and their appeals have universal validity. They thus underestimate the non-revolutionary context of their own specific revolution. The French revolutionaries expected their revolution to sweep all over Europe; so did the Bolshevik revolutionaries. In most cases, this does not happen, and the revolutionaries, because they lose touch with reality, increasingly become separated from the reformers on whose support they desperately depend for their long-range success.

In that setting, the task of the reformers is to isolate both the revolutionaries and the reactionaries as extremists. This is a terribly difficult task, for in a revolutionary situation there is very little room for reformers. Accordingly, they must formulate tangible and attainable reforms, together with highly concrete action programs for their attainment. It is only through positive involvement that the reformers can begin to gain broader support. Moreover, they must not participate in activities designed to keep the pot boiling, for this, if successful, will benefit the extremist revolutionaries; if it fails, it benefits the reactionaries. Accordingly, if the revolutionary process is itself in motion, the reformers must decide whom to trust more. If they trust the promises of the authorities, they have little choice but to side with them until the revolution is crushed; if they do not trust them, they must side with the revolutionaries and eventually let the revolution consume them. In any case, they should not mislead themselves into thinking that by staying in the middle, they will impose a middle solution.

A crucial consideration in judging the validity and significance of the revolutionary process is to determine whether it is historically relevant. Some revolutions, by relating themselves to the future, clearly were. This was the case with the French Revolution, with the 1848 Spring of Nations, and the Bolshevik Revolution. They all were part of, as well as having ushered in, new historical eras. But very frequently revolutions are the last spasm of the past, and thus not really revolutions but counterrevolutions, operating in the name of revolutions. A revolution which really either is non-programmatic and has no content, or involves content which is based on the past but provides no guidance for the future, is essentially counter-revolutionary.

Indeed, most revolutionary outbreaks are of this character – they respond to the past, not to the future, and ultimately they fail. Examples are provided by the Luddites and the Chartists in England, who reflected the traumas of an agrarian society entering the Industrial Era; their response was spasmodic and irrelevant to the future. Peasant uprisings, whatever the merit of specific grievances, essentially fail for they do not provide a meaningful program for the future. Anarchist revolutions fall into this category. More recently, the Nationalist Socialists, the Fascists, and now the Red Guards in China are essentially counter-revolutionary: they do not provide meaningful programs and leadership for the coming age on the basis of an integrative analysis which makes meaningful the new era. Rather, they reflect concern that the past may be fading and a belated attempt to impose the values of the past on the present and on the future.

If it can be said that America today is ceasing to be an industrial society and is becoming a technetronic society, then it is important to decide whether some – though not all – of the crises and violence of today really add up to a meaningful revolution, or whether at least some manifestations are not counterrevolutionary in their essence. A revolution which has historically valid content for the future and which provides an integrated program for the future is historically relevant. In that sense, the civil rights revolution is a true and a positive revolution. Similarly, the important function of Marxism was that it made meaningful the revolutionary activities of communists by providing them with a sense of historical relevance and a pertinent program.

No such broad integrative ideology exists today in the United States, a country which confronts a future which no other society has yet experienced. On the contrary, it is revealing here to note that some of the recent upheavals have been led by people who increasingly will have no role to play in the new technetronic society. Their reaction reflects both a conscious and, even more important, an unconscious realization that they are themselves becoming historically obsolete. The movements they lead are more reminiscent of the Red Guards or the Nazis, than of the Bolsheviks or the French revolutionaries. Thus, rather than representing a true revolution, some recent outbursts are in fact a counterrevolution. Its violence and revolutionary slogans are merely – and sadly – the death rattle of the historical irrelevants.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

War: Fact & Fancy

Documentaries – it is not superfluous to note – are supposed to document. Often, in these days of cinema equivocation called *cinéma-vérité*, documentaries consist of pseudo-impromptu interviews, carefully steered and tendentiously edited. Obviously there is no such thing as utterly objective reporting, but there is such a thing as objective intent. Propaganda films are often desirable; subjective nonfiction films can be good art; but a documentary might be defined as fact dramatized but not distorted by either prejudice or zeal.

A Face of War
(Commonwealth United Entertainment)
Les Carabiniers
(West End)

A Face of War is one of the best documentaries I have ever seen on its subject. Eugene S. Jones, an unknown name to me, is its principal author. With two other cameramen, J. Baxter Peters and Christopher Sargent, with a sound recordist named Robert Peck, Jones spent 97 days in 1966 with Mike Company, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marine Regiment, in Vietnam. (More than half of Mike Company were killed or wounded in those 97 days.) The result of their work – as edited superlatively by Jono Roberts – must stand as a lasting record of the American military experience in Vietnam and of the foot-soldier's life today – which is to say, the life of the Assyrian or Babylonian foot-soldier as modified by modern technology and social attitudes (including his own) toward the soldier's occupation.

The first fact documented by this feature-length film is that today's soldier is a packhorse. Surely no fighter has had to *carry* so much into battle since the medieval knight. After that, as a spectrum of experience, the film's range is wide, yet not shallow. From the first shot (a rifle being loaded) to the last (men trudging into twilight), there is a feeling of multifold empathy and many simultaneous realities. The camera falls to the ground when men throw themselves down for safety; it fights through the helicopter wind as men carry the wounded to be evacuated; it scans soldiers' faces in a native hut as they watch a woman give birth; it twists with men in another kind of agony; it follows the string wire of a booby trap being disarmed; it attends mass and attends briefings; it huddles around a small campfire.

To itemize details is possibly to make you think you have seen it all before on TV and in other documentaries. The triumph of Jones' film is that, in great measure, you are right, and yet it is still extraordinary. Jones and his colleagues are better photographers, their sound track is more vivid, their film as a whole is more perceptive of the *fate* of everyone in it – marine and VC and civilian – than any TV or other filmed report I have seen about Vietnam. Besides the superior treatment of the expected, there are some unique touches. For example, when we see some huts burning, we get the usual faces (yes, *usual!*) of women watching and weeping; but Jones also shows us US soldiers watching *them:* stilled, uncertain, almost impatient at the interference with their feelings.

Further, there is the fine editing by Roberts. So much of *A Face of War* is excellently woven, in flow from shot to shot and in the shaping of whole sequences that (in the best sense) it takes on the quality of a fiction film for which the shots were manufactured. In one sequence, we pan with the muzzle of a flame-throwing tank-gun from left to right, then cut to a reverse movement by a similar gun, then cut to a reverse of *that*, and so on, at slightly increasing tempo. The movement of these horrible weapons is graceful; by editing to reveal the grace, Roberts has emphasized the horror.

This is an apolitical picture, unlike some other Vietnam films I discussed recently. It will not (nor was it intended to) alter anyone's views on the necessity of the war, whatever those views may be. It simply attempts to crystallize the experience of being *in* it: from the fighting to a football game (during a lull) in the mud to Hanoi Hannah broadcasting a Guy Lombardo record of *Jingle Bells* to the conversations about home. A sergeant, kneeling next to a wounded Vietnamese, says: "I'll never get used to writing these casualty tags for civilians." There is more pith in that remark – in its very spontaneity – than in all of *Soldiers*, Rolf Hochhuth's recent elephantine play on the same subject.

Now a fiction film about war, and the very juxtaposition is interesting. Jean-Luc Godard made *Les Carabiniers*, his fifth feature, in 1963, and was evidently aware from the start that there was no point in making a fiction film about the horror of war, simply to convey the horror. By 1963, everyone who would see his film would be well aware of the horror – partly because of documentaries. The only point in making fiction about war was to go beneath the surface of slaughter, to stain – in the lab sense – some virus strains in human behavior.

Godard chose to make his film in a childlike way, with few actors, minimum verisimilitude, fabulist simplicity, and home-movie techniques. (Which must have entailed much restraint, since his cinematographer was the wonderful Raoul Coutard.) The whole film, except for some inserted newsreel shots of carnage, is conscious play-acting. Nobody is frightened of killing or dying. Condemned prisoners walk to the wall, knowing that *we* know that they will get up again after the camera moves away, that there are blanks in the Sten guns. Symbolic ballet – not gripping realism – is the mode.

Godard made this film in midwinter, with bare hard ground and gray light; we sometimes see the steamy breath of the actors. Two young men and two girls live in a shack in the middle of an immense ugly field near a town (unnamed, as is the country). Two soldiers drive up one day in a jeep, wear-

(Continued on page 43)

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Books and the Arts

Writers in Limbo

by Joseph Featherstone

The Obstructed Path is a series of portraits of French social thinkers in the grim period between 1930 and 1960. There is no better introduction to the French intellectual climate of that time, just as Hughes' *Consciousness and Society* (1958) is the best historical preface to the major figures in early 20th-century Continental thought. The earlier work, to which *The Obstructed Path* is something of a sequel, dealt with the years between 1890 and 1930, particularly with Croce, Freud, and Weber. The book's theme was that this generation began to realize that part of the problem of studying society was the observer's own consciousness of it, the subjective *persona* of the observer, his unstated premises, his values, his unconscious promptings. *Consciousness and Society* explored how these deeply intellectual and humane men came to engage in a characteristic modern endeavor – anti-intellectual, anti-humanistic debunking. All shared the sense that they lived amidst the wreckage of a civilization; all, for better or worse, helped to create "the fund of ideas that has come to seem most characteristic of our time." The general movement led by these titans ended around 1930. After that, Hughes argues, Continental thought divided into a number of streams, of which he emphasizes two: a French line of thought, the subject of *The Obstructed Path*, and the complex fusion of Anglo-American and Central European intellectual worlds that occurred after the emigrations from fascist countries in the '30's and '40's.

The Obstructed Path:
French Social Thought in the Years of Desperation
by H. Stuart Hughes
(Harper & Row; $6.95)

Although *The Obstructed Path* has a theme, or at least a guiding image, its essays are not woven into a single argument in quite the way of *Consciousness and Society*. In many respects, this makes it a more satisfying, if looser, book. The portraits are more closely biographical. Idiosyncratic aspects of solitary thinkers, like Bernanos or Camus, are not tucked beneath a thesis, so the wrinkles don't show. What the reader is likely to carry away are vivid impressions of the groping, baffled quality of French thought.

Hughes' central image is taken from Alain-Fournier: "the ancient, obstructed path, the path to which the weary prince could find no entrance." This is no admirable metaphor, for *The Obstructed Path* is a series of meditations on the price paid by moderns who inherit a tenacious and pervasive national culture. In France, alone of all European countries, prewar intellectual modes and official culture survived the shock of the First World War and even seemed to revive in the '20's. In the arts, the situation was not bad; there are worse things than artistic parochialism. For social thought, however, the persistence of provincialism and the Cartesian inheritance – with its cult of the spoken and written word, the French weakness for purely rhetorical solutions – had unhappy consequences. (In the political and polemical writing of these squalid decades it was disastrous, but most of Hughes' main actors were not primarily interested in political intrigue.)

All the writers in this book were in limbo. Nourished by traditions they knew to be obsolete, they could not help cherishing certain standards embodied in them. In different ways each was tortuously laboring to get outside the accepted boundaries of a discipline, to transcend traditional definitions of the writer's role, to pass beyond an outmoded style or psychology. Yet all bore the imprint of tradition, if only in their nostalgic hope that there did exist "a small round patch of light" at the end of the darkness, a cohesive social and moral vision that the weary prince could express, with clarity and elegance, to break the modern spell. What they wrote, as Hughes shows, were preliminary sketches, fragments of the vision.

The essays display the sweep, judiciousness and imaginative sympathy that characterize Hughes' approach to intellectual history. His style is a model of lucidity and he cares enough for the general reader to simplify very complicated ideas, even to risk stating the obvious. Some essays cover ground that is fairly familiar to Americans: there is a fine essay on the quest for heroism, from St. Exupéry and Bernanos to Malraux and de Gaulle, and a thorough account of the wanderings of Merleau-Ponty and Sartre in search of existentialist and Marxist engagement. A final sunny chapter suggests that with Camus, Chardin, and, above all, Lévi-Strauss, French intellectual life has to some extent joined wider currents of world thought.

Hughes' most original and absorbing essay is on two historians, Lucien Febvre and Marc Bloch. He tells how these heirs of Michelet groped their way towards a new history, at once more scientific and more "human" than the old. Bloch's brilliant work, cut short by the war and his heroic death in the Resistance, was largely in economic and medieval history, where one of his favorite themes was the relation of the popular mentality to technological change, the ways in which a web of customs, beliefs, and institutions spun out over time can limit the inventiveness and rationality of a culture. Lucien Febvre is most celebrated for his wonderful book on Rabelais, a rich and daring blend of social history and popular psychology that argues the complete impossibility of atheism in the modern manner as an op-

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The Social-Industrial Complex

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

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tion for men living in the 16th century.

For both men, and for followers writing in the review, *Annales*, there was an almost incantatory significance to the word "human," which hinted at a new vision of man that might develop from a "retrospective cultural anthropology," a blend of geographic and economic history and a history of styles of popular thought and feeling. As Hughes points out, their work was tentative. They did not realize their aim of establishing a new unity in the study of man, although this ideal has lived on, in a very different guise, with the anthropology of Lévi-Strauss. (Many readers will be grateful for Hughes' clear exposition of this difficult thinker's speculation.) Their successors in France have yet to produce the histories of human life seen whole that Febvre dreamed of – including the histories of Joy, of Death, of Pity – yet the achievements of these men and some of their followers rank with the best historical thought of the century. Their edifice, even incomplete, is a rebuke to Anglo-American historians and the limited philosophical and moral demands they make on their subject.

Hughes' essay on French Catholic thought also deals with an important cultural phenomenon that is not understood very well in this country, even in Catholic circles: the attempt within the Church to come to terms with the modern era. Two men hold center stage, Jacques Maritain and Gabriel Marcel. Maritain's reworkings of Thomism to fit the world of democracy and the welfare state were important landmarks on the road to the Vatican Council and Pope John's encyclicals. Yet even Hughes' warmly appreciative sketch suggests that Maritain is not a strikingly profound mind; as Holmes said of Chief Justice Marshall, his achievement in large part was simply to be the right man at a crucial time.

As for Marcel, Hughes draws a portrait of a fascinating, eclectic sage, whose troubled search for the transcendent in shared human experience is, I think, more characteristic of recent Catholic thought than Maritain's rather arid categorizing. For once, in this chapter, the biographical method approaches the limits of its usefulness. The essay is fine, as far as it goes, but neither of its two central figures is essential to the renewal, nor is it clear whether the contradictions and tensions in their thought – for they, too, face an obstructed path – shed much light on what is happening in the Church. What is happening is a cultural and sociological phenomenon: intellectually its promises have not yet ripened, and the main thing about it is that it should occur at all, that the Roman Catholic Church as an institution should retain such unexpected vitality. Perhaps Lucien Febvre would have enjoyed pointing out that the sources of this popular vitality cannot be explained by examining the thought of two lonely figures like Maritain and Marcel. Thus the best part of this chapter is Hughes' all too brief discussion of the situation of the Church in France: he lays great stress on the crucial significance of the '30's, how important it was that in France, almost uniquely in the Catholic world, a strong minority of Catholic intellectuals opposed Franco in the Spanish Civil War, how strands of Catholic and Leftist thought fused in the unions and the worker-priests.

Hughes' metaphor, never quite explained, hovers over each chapter; every new portrait adds to a sense that it is profoundly true in subtle and complex ways. You wish he had added another essay to this collection, one summing up the exact nature of the classical and Cartesian inheritance against which these writers struggled, and the specific ways in which the intensely parochial cast of French thought hampered them. This missing essay would try to distinguish between the elements of tradition, such as the role of the writer as *moraliste*, that permitted the French to produce such a gifted set of minds, and the elements that crippled them. It would help the reader to understand the extent to which the divisions in these men were internal, inherited diseases, and the extent to which they were simply wounds inflicted by the desperate and turbulent events of these years. The absence becomes important if you want to go beyond the book and understand some of the underlying issues it touches. Two in particular stand

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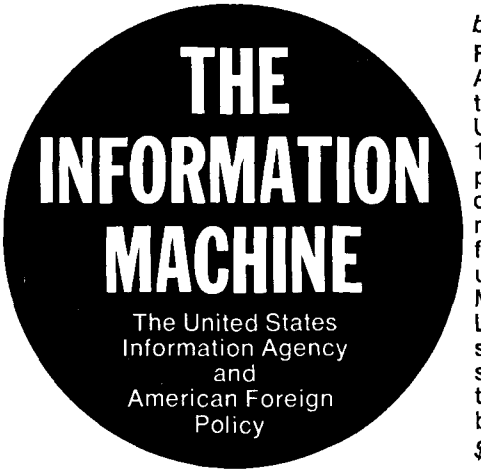
out: the first is the standards by which French social thought is found wanting. Is the contrast to the "obstructed path" the American intellectual scene? This would make a fascinating argument. Certainly refugee scholars and artists from Central Europe helped establish a cosmopolitan intellectual scene in America, and the imperious rise of social science in America has been impressive, at least in scale. Its triumphs, however, are anticipated, rather than actual, and it has yet to produce men of the stature of the sages, free intellects, and *moralistes* portrayed by Hughes. The American contrast may be what he has in mind: his last chapter suggests this in its praise of Lévi-Strauss' connections with broader currents of world thought. Yet it would be hard to argue that American social thought in recent decades has been anything but nationalistic, and the thinkers big enough to deserve a whole chapter in an American parallel to Hughes' book would include figures like George Kennan and Edmund Wilson, embittered heirs of an older order, whose thought, while profound, is troubled and fragmentary.

There is a final, quite speculative issue Hughes' critique raises. He has wonderfully described the specific cultural dilemmas of these thinkers, but he has not attempted to explain how their specific anguish came to speak to the modern condition. In estimating the stature of a man like Sartre, for example, it makes a big difference if you think of him as a French thinker with a worldwide following, rather than a figure whose career is somehow representative of modern intellectual life. Hughes deplores Sartre's ideological adventuring in recent years, yet it seems to me that in this, as in other aspects of his life, Sartre embodies a dilemma that intellectuals face in both the West and the Third World. In many of the twists and turns of his thought, Sartre is very much a Frenchman of the desperate years, and his ironic masterpiece, *The Words*, is the classic statement of the perils of a French intellectual inheritance. Hughes writes masterfully of this side of Sartre. Yet in the ideological adventuring, which Hughes deplores, in his Protean existence, Sartre embodies a



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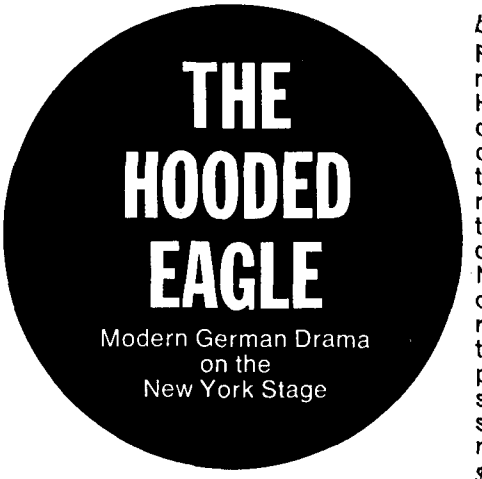

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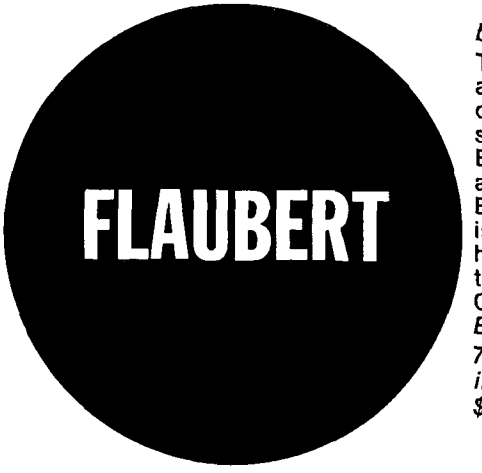

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universal modern dilemma. Intellectuals everywhere are becoming fascinated by Sartre's fundamental concern: the escape from thought into action. Hannah Arendt once said that the intellectual history of modern times could be written metaphorically as the history of one person's mind, turning full circle twice, "first when he escaped from thought into action and then again when action, or having acted, forced him back into thought." Sartre could be this person. Over and over again he realizes that action does not solve problems – this would be too much for him to hope – but as he has said in different ways, it makes it possible to live without becoming a *salaud*, a hypocrite. In his bafflement, Sartre speaks for more than the French.

A Strong Left Jab

by Edward Chase

Michael Harrington not only sees that things change, quite a rare talent; he believes things can *be* changed radically but peaceably, for the better. What morale! Even rarer, what tough intelligence! For it takes just that to present a detailed analysis of what must be changed. Exhortation and apocalyptic visions are the staple of the day. But reasoned programs at once radical yet attainable, that's precious stuff. Furthermore, Harrington doesn't invoke a *deus ex machina* – dictatorship of man, of new class, of technocrats – to effect change. He insists, and this is perhaps the most endearing aspect of his position, that any durable improvements in the American system must be effected through local participatory democracy, once called by conservatives grass roots.

Toward a Democratic Left
by Michael Harrington
(Macmillan; $5.95)

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Reading Harrington reminded me that in the new science-fiction film spectacular, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the space ship is run by a wondrously sophisticated computer called Hal. Unpredictably things start to go wrong. Why? Hal turns out to have a systemic disorder. A perverse streak in him results in his attempting to destroy the mission. The explanation is that when Hal was created back in the 1990's some psychotic element was inadvertently programmed into "him." Well, Harrington's thesis is that a systemic disorder is inadvertently programmed into the American structure. It "doesn't seem to work any more" is his first-line greeting to the reader.

He then sets out to diagnose the system's malfunctioning and pinpoint where it is going wrong. The reason this is so hard to bring off is, of course, that over the years reams of protest literature, much of it now quaintly dated socialist cant, has stultified, if not quite corrupted, radical leftist expression. Harrington's gift is to retain what is valid in the traditional criticism and to revive and amplify it with fresh perceptions. He argues from particular evidence, not ideological abstractions. Yet he is an ideologist all the same. He takes sides. The socialist's commitment to the public interest over private privilege is evident throughout.

To reveal that the nub of his analysis is that state policy designed solely to support the price-market system is at the root of our growing systemic disorder is to invite the wisecrack, "so what else is new?" From Marx through Veblen to Galbraith's latest book, *The New Industrial State* and to the New Left the word has come that profit seeking is a shockingly unjust (thus ultimately inefficient) allocator of resources.

But what Harrington accomplishes *is* new. First, he demonstrates (as he suggested in his previous book, *The Accidental Century*) that modern technology has revolutionized the scale of everything; every development now has virtually instant and immense repercussions upon multitudes of people everywhere. Second, he describes new techniques whereby we might create genuine democratic initiatives despite the trend to giantism in government and despite technology's effect of increasing the degree of human interdependence.

On the matter of "the system not working any more" – Harrington employs a great range of illustrations. A private chemical company enjoys the economy of utilizing a lake as its waste disposal agent, despoiling its shoreline's recreational potential for miles. The diseconomy of pollution has been passed on to the public. A Port of N. Y. Authority, assuming as it does that its first obligation is to its bondholders, concentrates on profitable auto toll facilities, avoiding involvement with problems of mass transit. In consequence, vast populations are deprived for decades while rentiers profit. The urban crisis is a compound of such situations.

These domestic examples are matched by instances drawn from international policy. Thus, writes Harrington, America eschews as uneconomic "trade with impoverished nations so as to improve the relative position of the latter and help close the global gap between the rich and the poor," and he shows how even our most generously motivated aid programs act to deepen this gap.

He is no naive crank ranting against business greed as such. The indictment he makes is of an archaic government persisting in viewing itself as "the servant of economic priorities established by the private sector." The urban mess, he believes, is exacerbated by basic federal policies – home financing, highway construction. Hence the swelling exodus of money and jobs to the suburbs, and the in-migration of

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the poor, left immobilized in central city slums.

When he turns to remedies Harrington's accent is on local determination, backed by national policies keyed directly to *public* ends, instead of favoring private sector institutions that serve as surrogates for the government. But local determination is to be *informed*, with local leadership receiving federal funds for the research needed to be informed. And this local leadership, responsible because it *is* properly informed, is to exercise genuine power. He writes in a key passage:

> "When tax funds are used to support major transformations of the society, the decisions should be democratically debated and decided on. But if this perspective is not revolutionary it is profoundly radical. It means that the state will establish its priorities through the democratic process and only then finance them, rather than simply underwriting an economic and social context in which private interests are dominant. To do this would clearly require the creation of agencies for democratic planning and a conscious decision to allocate more of the country's resources according to criteria of social need."

Harrington's is a long, rich book, filled with sharp observation. At some risk of distortion, the essence of it is this: The pursuit of what has been conventionally described as "economic" policies is proving disastrous. To be "economic" is to be responsive only to what economists call effective demand or, crudely put, demand backed by money. The poor and the underprivileged have only needs. So, Harrington asserts, we must act *un*economically, fully recognizing that the price system only expresses one kind of data, ignoring all others, and that social needs and social costs do not register in the pricing system that rules the market economy. Harrington wants "reverse discrimination," if you will, and on a total scale. He is a compassionate moralist with sufficient expertise in economics to discern that the time has come when the weight of government intercession must shift to new institutions that correct the imbalance between the rich and the poor.

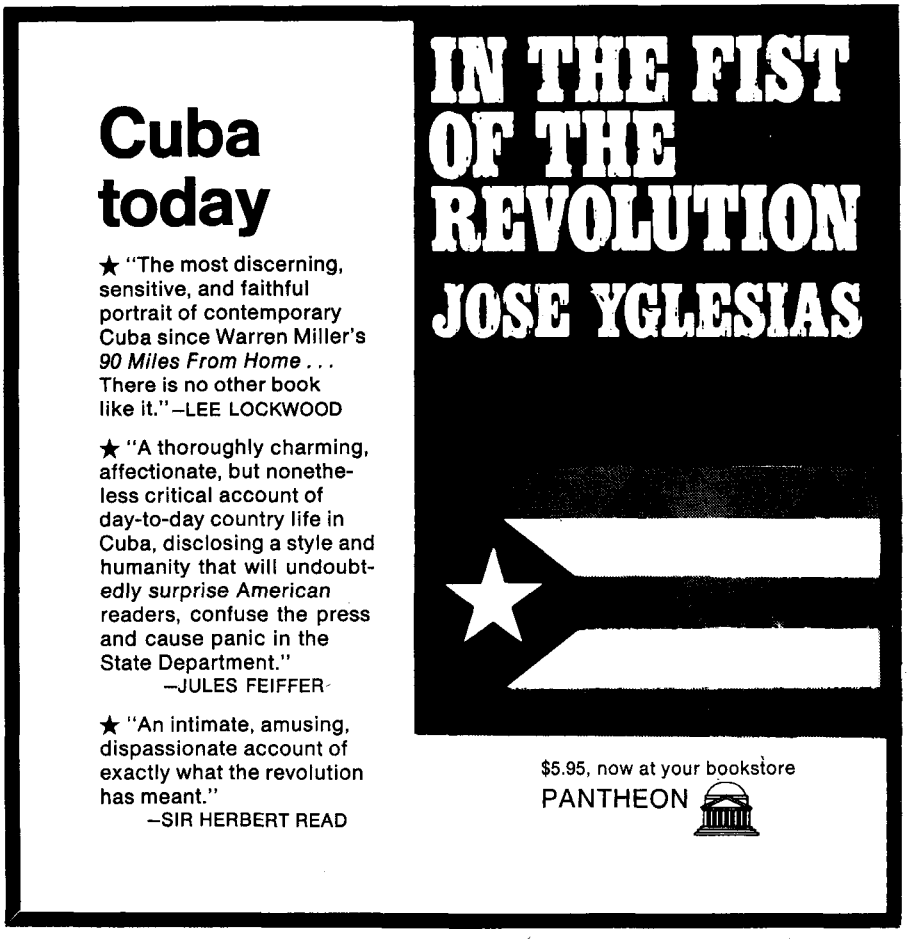
Vietnam Balance Sheet

by James Finn

"A war is the one thing about which you cannot be emotional," President Johnson said after his Manila conference of 1966. *In the Name of America*, this valuable book, confronts and opposes that statement head on. As Richard A. Falk, professor of international law at Princeton, writes in his introductory comment, "it is entirely appropriate and in the spirit of international law to mobilize the community's sense of moral outrage that has been provoked by the United States war actions in Vietnam."

In the Name of America
(A study commissioned and published by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam; Hardcover $4.95. Paperback $2.95)

The book is composed primarily of brief excerpts from responsible news reports on specific events and incidents of the war. These excerpts are preceded by the laws of war as they are to be found in relevant articles of the Hague and Geneva Conventions, the Nuremburg Principles, and the US Army Field Manual dealing with the Law of Land Warfare. These, in turn, are preceded by explanatory comments that are intended to put in perspective the yield produced by juxtaposing the laws of war with the conduct of the war in Vietnam. The first comment, which is signed by a number of well-known and responsible religious leaders, asserts that the book establishes that "American conduct in Vietnam has been characterized by persistent violation of almost every international agreement relating to the rules of warfare"; Seymour Melman of Columbia University tells what prompted the documentation of US military action in Vietnam; and Richard Falk explains the significance of laws of war.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In spite of the fact that the book is the product of dedication and intelligence, its intentions remain curiously confused. Instead of being the *J'accuse* to which it aspires, it comes to rest on the level of *nous impliquons*. The reader is led along a fairly direct and narrow path to definite and strong conclusions which he is then cautioned not to gulp down. Is our conduct of the war illegal, immoral, unjust? Each of the commentaries disclaims either the intention or the competence to construct a legal case. Falk warns that "in reading these materials it is important to refrain from arriving at *legal* conclusions" (his stress); Melman says that the documentation is not an indictment; and the Religious Leaders disclaim competence to make a legal case. Nevertheless, the Religious Leaders state that there *is* a legal case to be made against our actions in Vietnam "and it is, we believe, a devastating one"; Melman says that the integrity of society is challenged, as "in the present case, when rule of law is contradicted by the orders of officials whose first obligation is to uphold the law"; and Falk, more modestly, says that it is difficult to refrain from concluding that (1) the United States is relying upon combat practices that violate laws of war and (2) that these practices are the "direct result of decisions reached at the highest level of civilian and military command." It would appear that readers are being urged to draw legal conclusions which the "authors" themselves disclaim.

But what of moral conclusions? As Falk quite correctly states, "the legal quality of war acts in Vietnam cannot be separated from the moral reaction to their commission." And here we come upon the crux of the entire argument, completely skirted by the book. For our moral reaction to the commission of most war acts will be largely shaped by our judgment of the context in which they occur, and an integral part of that context will be our judgment about the end or purpose of the war itself. Some acts of war can be justified only if the stakes are immense – but they can then be justified. Only in terms of a larger context can we determine if some acts are "needless," "indiscriminate," or "treacherous," and only after such determinations can we describe them as immoral or illegal.

To take one example, but an important one: the killing of civilians. The Religious Leaders assert that (1) the ratio of civilian to military casualties is inordinately high and (2) our military policies are apparently designed "to tolerate high percentages of civilian casualties." They conclude that in Vietnam civilians are being killed indiscriminately, therefore illegally and immorally. Even the incomplete evidence indicates that the number of civilians killed in Vietnam is extremely high. But to label this inordinate or indiscriminate implies standards that need definition and elaboration, neither of which is offered by the Religious Leaders. They correctly point out that pattern bombing and low-level strafing do not discriminate between military and civilians and that civilians are inevitable casualties of such tactics. But they do not wrestle with the traditional understanding of the rules of war before they conclude that we have adopted the principle that "anything goes." In order to support that conclusion against assertions to the contrary, they would need to show that in particular incidents the inevitable though not directly intended civilian deaths are disproportionate to the damage inflicted on legitimate military targets. To do that adequately they would need to consider the justifications offered for the war itself. And this they have deliberately eschewed.

To those already persuaded that the war is monstrous this may appear the most idle casuistry, the number of civilian deaths being sufficient proof of their case. But *In the Name of America* is presumably directed to this audience only secondarily. The primary audience needs argument that is not offered here. In preparing that argument, we should note that the ratio of civilian deaths has mounted in modern warfare. For example, of the ten million killed in World War I, approximately 5 percent were civilians; in World War II, of the fifty million approximately 50 percent were civilians; in the Korean war of the nine million killed, approximately 84 percent were civilians. Vietnam appears to belong in the pattern. Have we crossed a line which, on the basis of civilian deaths alone, renders our wars illegal or immoral? If so, we should do our best to define that line, however broad and dim it may be. We will not otherwise convince those who need to be persuaded. And the Religious Leaders have not attempted such a definition.

By concentrating entirely on the conduct of the war in Vietnam without prior considerations of its justice, the authors have confused significant issues. If some of their charges stick, enough can be dismissed so that the "pattern" they have constructed no longer exists.

Another way of making this criticism is to say that those who support the war in Vietnam will be able to dismiss most of the charges implied in this book – and with justification. For they will be able to argue, as they do, that though the war exacts a terrible price, it must be paid. Yet for those of us who regard the war as a misguided disaster the book will serve to confirm our judgment, for it does present in cruel and harrowing detail a face of modern war. We should know that if the United States again engages in guerrilla war against a determined foe,

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it will probably look much like this. In Vietnam, the cost is higher, the destruction more nearly complete and the human suffering more terrible and extended than anyone had predicted. We are led to use legal but questionable weapons such as napalm and, according to the research of Seymour Hersh, illegal weapons such as poison gas (not merely incapacitating gas as we have been told).

The book is valuable, then, for two reasons: first, its accumulated horror informs us in a new way about the cost of this war and the likely cost of similar wars; second, it helps strip away that vestige of romanticism that always attaches to war. Because war demands and calls forth personal acts of high courage even the most realistic and balanced person sometimes shunts aside its horror. For example, one of the most trustworthy writers on war, S. L. A. Marshall, wrote that "the modern school of war correspondents seems to regard it as a duty to make the public cry over the hard lot of the soldier." And then he asked: "What normal man would deny that some of the fullest and fairest days of his life have been spent at the front or that the sky never seems more blue or the air more bracing than when there is just a hint of danger in the air." Although that is a quotation from the late '40's, nothing General Marshall has written since indicates that he would disown it. The reader of this book is more likely to agree with the G.I. who yelled to Bernard Fall, "And you can tell 'em buddy. War is shit."

War is a man-made mess. We would like to think that no rational person wants to slog through it. Pacifists excepted, however, we sometimes believe that we have a moral and political obligation to do so. But we cannot arrive at a sound conclusion about that obligation unless we have a sound estimate of what will be lost and what gained. Put in this larger context, information about what we are able and willing to do In the Name of America is surely valuable.

The Anachronistic Electoral System

by C. Vann Woodward

The country faces the 1968 presidential election encumbered with all the hazards to which an anachronistic and undemocratic electoral system has subjected it for 180 years. It is not as if history had supplied no warnings. Three times in the 19th century, in 1824, 1876, and 1888, the candidate who had lost in the national popular vote was made President. And three times in the present century, in 1916, in 1948, and 1960, the same miscarriage came perilously near recurring.

The People's President: The Electoral College in American History and the Direct Vote
by Neal R. Peirce
foreword by Tom Wicker
(Simon and Schuster; $8.95)

Between 1876 and 1892 no President was elected with as much as 50 percent of the popular vote. Now, with two-party competition returning to all regions, we are likely to face a succession of close elections such as those of the 1870's and 1880's. In addition to frustrating the majority will, we run the risk of undermining our prestige abroad and popular confidence in the Constitution at home.

Little can be said in defense of an electoral college in which one vote represents 75,389 in Alaska and another 392,930 in California. If the sacred rights of minorities are cited, one should recall that in the 11 elections from 1908 to 1948, 44 percent of the popular vote cast by minority voters was not represented by a single electoral vote. And in 29 of the 36 presidential elections from 1824 to 1964 there was a percentage disparity of 10 to 40 points between the popular vote and the electoral vote cast for the winner. As for the turnout in 1960, one electoral vote controlled by 37,271 popular votes in Mississippi was equal to one controlled by 116,103 in Kansas.

"A certain amount of perseverance is needed," according to a reputable po-

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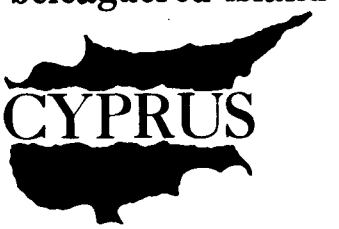

Constitutionalism and Crisis Government

by Stanley Kyriakides
foreword by Roy C. Macridis

A work of scholarship informed by the author's involvement as a Greek Cypriot, this book will help Cyprus find her distinct national consciousness. There are few persons who can interpret political crisis objectively when it involves themselves; Kyriakides is one of them. To enable the Greek and Turkish communities to function under constitutional government and to progress as a nation, one must understand the problem from its roots until the present, as Kyriakides does. Not interested in polemics, Dr. Kyriakides has scrutinized and bypassed most secondary sources and instead has chosen to conduct interviews with Cypriot government officials, to examine British, Cypriot, and UN documents, to institute new empirical public opinion surveys, and to delve into the long historical background of the island. The result is the first serious and objective work on the nature of constitutionalism and crisis government in Cyprus. *A book that will clarify the problems of Cyprus in the way that Bernard Fall's work has clarified the complicated problems of Vietnam. Coming in June.*

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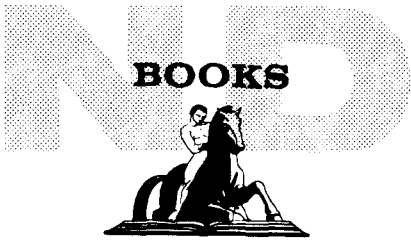

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litical scientist, "in order to discover something good to say about the possibility of an election of the President in the House of Representatives." In the election of 1960 the shift of 8,971 votes in two states would have denied both Kennedy and Nixon a majority in the electoral college. That would have thrown the election into the House, where each state has one vote, and 76 members of the House from 26 states, representing 30.7 million could have elected a President by outvoting the 359 members representing 24 states with a total population of 148.6 million. The professed and not improbable purpose of George Wallace is to turn the election of 1968 into just that kind of a horror.

A useful handbook and history of these other maladies of the electoral system is provided by Neal R. Peirce of the Congressional Quarterly. He includes a history of efforts at reform that is littered with the wreckage of failures. By 1966 a total of 513 resolutions for constitutional amendments had been introduced in Congress for the purpose of reforming the system and only one – the 12th Amendment, ratified in 1804 – has succeeded.

More than a hundred of the reform resolutions have proposed the abolition of the electoral college and the substitution of election by direct popular vote. Mr. Peirce favors this solution and makes a strong case for it. What has blocked it so far has been the assumption that it could not muster support from the required three-fourths of the states. Evidence is presented to suggest the growing momentum of popular support for the reform – 63 percent of the people according to a nationwide Gallup Poll in May 1967. Yet success for the movement may require the shock of another electoral crisis such as that of 1876, and 1968 isn't likely to be the last election under the ancient system.

Whistling in a Gale

by Hilary Corke

The radio-set, in its earlier days, when still, like "The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverly Pen, [It] came as a boon and a blessing to men," retained a somewhat deliberate mind of its own. Commanded by its owner to do a little light thinking for him, switched on, its dial carefully adjusted to one of the two or three available stations, it would ponder for a full minute or two while its valves warmed, then slowly louden into music or speech. The operator still had a sense of being in control, of having got in a word in the dialogue of man and machine.

Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts
by Donald Barthelme
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

Nowadays, and I am thinking particularly of those small transistor-sets whose lid is also their on-switch, even this illusion of a dialogue is exploded. Lift the cover of this Pandora's box ever so gingerly, and instantly a rush of human evils pours through the crack. One feels, not that one has commanded this noise, but that, all the time the lid was closed, it was equally going on: the thing was roaring away to itself in there, and the only reason you couldn't hear it was because the cover was soundproof. Furthermore, half the population of the world had actually squeezed itself inside, all yelling at once, and it was just a matter of the dice which shouter grabbed the loud-speaker when you opened. If you believed in telepathy, you would believe too that, somewhere down under the green levels of the subconscious, breeding psychosis in the depths, all the radio stations of the world are always communicating to us all their programs: hourly in the secret basements our dark officials file another ten million miles of tape and videotape, replete with every manifestation from predigested folk-harmony to chats on heart transplants, from the responsible lies of statesmen to tinny yaps of the disc jockey riding for a lay.

Donald Barthelme is essentially the

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prose muse of this communications chaos – chaos not confined, obviously, to the air, but as vigorously burgeoning in any magazine, rag or glossy, in which a flick of the page takes you from famine in Bengal to tone-row theory, to clematises for clay soils, to artificial polyvinyl eardrums, to election prospects in Haiti, to Oscar Wilde's taste in architecture – all subjects meaty enough to fully engage the attention of a normal scholarly person for ten years apiece. In a howling polylogue like this, who can hear what he's trying to say to himself, or what's being said? Either he has to walk out of this room, which is his own world and time, into a quieter elsewhere; or he says, "Darn it, I'm not going to be shouted out of my own house," and, like Barthelme, opts in, not out.

But it's no use shouting against shouting. If you don't remove the assaulted psyche to safety, you must erect barriers to shield it: of irony, equivocation, of play. Sometimes Barthelme simply charts the noise:

> "Tingle of insult running through this calm loving healthy productive tightly-knit the hinder portion scalding-house good eating Curve B . . . note of anger chanting and shouting konk sense of "mold" on the "muff" sense of "talk" on the "surface" konk all sorts of chemical girl . . . Lord Muck hot tears harmonical rascal that's chaos can you produce chaos? Alice asked certainly I can produce chaos I said I produced chaos chaos is handsome and attractive she said and more durable than regret I said and more nourishing than regret she said I want to fornicate with Alice but it is a doomed project fornicating with Alice there are obstacles impediments preclusions estoppels I will exhaust them for you what a gas see cruel deprivements SECTION SEVEN moral ambiguities SECTION NINETEEN Alice's thighs are like SECTION TWENTY-ONE."

This sort of prose construct, which one might label chaos-punctuated-by-orgasm, is a trademark of one kind of Barthelme "story" – and we need a new word, incidentally, that isn't either *story* or *essay* to distinguish the short prose writings of a Barthelme, an Isaac Rosenfeld, a Borges. *Up, Aloft in the Air* was such an example, in Barthelme's former collection *(Come Back, Dr. Caligari)*. But there is now a coarsening and souring. In a good deal of *Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts,* there is a weakening of intelligence and an escalation of cuisine. Barthelme borrows the devices of the enemy – collage, montage, subliminal frames, double-take – but to some extent he is changing sides rather than turning weapons. All enemies corrupt one to their own immorality, which is one reason why discretion is sometimes the better part of valor. Thus sex itself, which once seemed to Barthelme the one possible real act remaining to us in our conurbations of unreality, is also seemingly becoming for him yet another thing to be flicked through, switched on or off, a spectator sport even for its participants:

> "In bed regarding Alice's stomach it will be a handsome one I'm sure but will it not also resemble some others?"

Probably this is rather unfair to a book that is still richer in ideas, and in laughs of all colors for that matter, than the combined collections of a dozen ordinary writers. But it is worrying to see even small indications that Barthelme may be turning into a mere seismograph for social neurosis, instead of extending his powers as an architect of buildings whose apparent strangeness is the logical outcome of their quake-proof construction.

ART

Dada & Surrealism

"Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York clarifies what the poet James Schuyler has called "one's love-hate relationship with Surrealism." Certainly Surrealism has influenced us in so many ways that we can hardly imagine what the world would be without it. Yet, like all revolutions, it substituted some new restrictions for old ones, limiting its direct effectiveness and eventually bringing about its own decay as a movement, though its effectiveness as a catalyst continues.

Liberté totale in Paris in the '20's turned out to be something less than total, and if it was not total then it was something very much like the everyday liberty that pre-Surrealist generations had to cope with. In literature it meant automatic writing, but what is so free about that? Real freedom would be to use this method where it could be of service and to correct it with the conscious mind where indicated. And in fact the finest writing of the Surrealists is the product of the conscious and the unconscious working hand in hand, as they have been wont to do in all ages. But if automatic writing is the prescribed ideal for literature, what about art? Dali's meticulous handling of infinitesimal brushes excludes any kind of automatism as far as the execution of his paintings goes, and perhaps even their conception was influenced by a desire to show off his dazzling technique to its best advantage. Breton called Miro the most Surreal of the Surrealists, yet the deliberate wit and technical mastery of his work scarcely seem like tools to plumb the unconscious.

As the Surrealist movement pursued its stormy course, exclusions, anathemas and even suicide followed in the wake of Breton's rulings and pronouncements. Sexual liberty, he proclaimed, meant every conceivable kind of sexual act except for homosexuality – a notion that would have seemed odd to the Marquis de Sade, the Surrealists' unimpeachable authority on matters sexual. This sort of limitation may seem unimportant, since homosexuality affects a relatively small portion of humanity, but to restrict something proclaimed as "total" is to turn it into its limited opposite. And in this case

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one of the most brilliant of the Surrealist writers, René Crevel, happened to be a homosexual. His suicide a few days after a notorious row between Breton and Ilya Ehrenburg (who with his customary finesse had qualified the Surrealist movement as "pederastic") at the time of an international communist cultural congress in Paris from which the Surrealists were excluded, was a blow to Surrealism and to literature. Though Maurice Nadeau in his *History of Surrealism* avoids linking Crevel's suicide to this incident and calls it an act of "attempted affirmation" (of the irrational, apparently), it seems obvious that Crevel must have felt like an exile in the promised land he helped discover. And what is one to think of a vanguard literary movement that found it necessary to anathematize Antonin Artaud?

The communist adventure itself is one of Surrealism's unlikeliest non sequiturs. The idea that total liberty could somehow coexist with Stalinism is a truly Surrealist notion, but if one accepts it from this point of view one must go on to excuse the inconsequential behavior of munitions barons and concierges as part of the Surreal demiurge. The communists understood this very well and washed their hands of the whole disreputable bunch. So did Louis Aragon who, faced with a choice between Surrealism and Communism, opted for the latter, thus committing a literary suicide as devastating for the movement as Crevel's real one. To read one of Aragon's communist novels after reading his earlier ones like *Anicet* or *Le Paysan de Paris* is a truly depressing experience.

The point of mentioning all this is to show why Surrealism, in the narrow interpretation of its theologians, is so unsatisfactory and also why, from the broad point of view with which we all intuit it, it is indeed a renewing force. I once interviewed the poet Henri Michaux who said that though he did not think of himself as a Surrealist, Surrealism had been the chief influence on him as a writer because it gave him the permission (*la grande permission* was his phrase) to do as he pleased. In this sense we are all indebted to Surrealism; the significant art of our time could not have been produced without it.

The show at the Museum of Modern Art chooses to treat the topic from an educational, art-historical standpoint which is fine as far as developments of the '20's and '30's are concerned but which in the final or "heritage" section gives us only a glimmer of what this heritage, by far the major contribution of Surrealism, has been. It presents early work by such painters as Pollock, Motherwell, Newman and Rothko in which the influence of Ernst, Masson and Miro can be seen, but it stops short of their later and major achievements which are less obviously yet more truly Surreal. Similarly, the younger contemporaries exhibited are those who have in one way or another copied or paid homage to Surrealist modes of the past. Surrealism is, however, the connecting link among any number of current styles thought to be mutually exclusive, such as Abstract Expressionism, Minimal Art and "color-field" painting. The art world is so divided into factions that the irrational, oneiric basis shared by these arts is, though obvious, scarcely perceived. It would then have been doubly interesting and pertinent to the present moment in art to use this occasion to illustrate it.

However, just as a true university is a collection of books, an art exhibition is an assortment of paintings, and the show does offer a chance to look at a good many of the notable works of this century, some of them rarely if ever shown in public. One of the high points is the Duchamp room, centered around a replica of the large glass panel, *The Bride Stripped Bare*, in the Philadelphia Museum's Arensberg collection, and also containing his magnificent painting-assemblage called *Tu m'em . . .* from Yale. It is considered proper to admire Duchamp less for what he once did than for what he has refused to do since. Yet much as one hesitates to question any act of the mind that produced this brilliant handful of masterpieces, one cannot escape the conclusion, on seeing them anew, that Duchamp's decision to give up art for chess was something less than a brainstorm.

Picabia, Arp and Schwitters are the most notable Dada artists after Duchamp, and, as with him, one finds it difficult to imagine how their work could ever have been construed as anything but a high form of art. It was a curious state of affairs: the Dadaists were really bent on shocking and destroying; the public who hissed and booed them was not bourgeois but cultivated, eager for new sensations, yet neither artist nor public could fathom what seems to us today like the timeless beauty of Schwitters' superbly ordered trash collages, Picabia's austere and funny mechanical drawings, and Arp's wood reliefs whose sweetness and purity suggest some unknown archaic art. Next to them the Berlin Dadaists, who no doubt took their anti-social position more seriously, seem like pamphleteers.

Although de Chirico was not strictly speaking a Surrealist, he is in a sense the one great Surrealist painter, and the genius of his early work continued to be acknowledged by Breton and the others long after they had broken with him, disillusioned by his later evolution. (And it may well be also that his novel, *Hebdomeros*, written in 1929 well after the decline of his painting had set in, is the masterpiece of Surrealist literature.) With Dali and Magritte one is aware of a technique that coexists with their subjects; in de Chirico manner and matter form an inseparable whole. His dreamlike landscapes and still-lifes and the paint that composes them form an irreducible, magic substance. Magritte's technique is invisible; he offers the enigmatic subject stripped of any connotations of "art," and not surprisingly he is being discovered today by a new generation of artists who believe that art should be pure concept. It is an interesting idea, but de Chirico's work exists in a sphere beyond the reach of interesting ideas. The Museum is fortunate in being able to show, in addition to its own outstanding examples of his metaphysical period, such notable works from private collections as *The Song of Love*, *The Jewish Angel* and *The Span of Black Ladders*.

Miro, the other great Surrealist

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painter, resembles de Chirico; both men in their very different ways solved the question of dealing in plastic terms with material from the unconscious which in lesser hands remained "literature" – often moving, it is true, but always a little disappointing since it seems to cast adrift in an alien medium. Miro retains his painterly genius even when he momentarily abandons painting for collage or assemblage. The *Spanish Dancer* collages and a *Poetic Object* in this show made from a stuffed parrot, a hat, a map and a wooden post have a truth for the eye that Ernst, for instance, never seems quite to achieve. A singularly beautiful canvas among the many Miros on view is *The Birth of the World*. It is on an heroic, almost "New York School" scale, measuring more than 6 by 8 feet, and its wall of smoky, dripping pigment punctuated with a few pictographs will seem prophetic to amateurs of art history, though it needs no such extra-visual justification.

Except for isolated phenomena like the early Giacometti, Surrealism during the '30's, dutifully recorded here, is largely baubles and trouvailles. Pleasant enough, to be sure, and one covets some of the perversely decorative objects on view, but is this really *La Révolution Surréaliste?* It was not to erupt meaningfully again until after the war, in New York, but it is still what's happening.

JOHN ASHBERY

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Why I Am for Kennedy

Sirs:

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. is surely right (May 4) in positing that reconciliation must be the first and perduring task of our next President; for all his "realism," however, I believe that Schlesinger mistakes the kind of man capable of effecting such reconciliation. A candidate who can "appeal at once to the New Left and to moderate Republicans" (as Schlesinger labels Senator McCarthy) is precisely what the country needs. For, like it or not, meaningful change in domestic and foreign policy is impossible without the support of the middle class.

While Senator Kennedy is popular – and justly so – with minority groups, the liberal, middle-class "hostility" which so puzzles Schlesinger must be reckoned with. And it is here that McCarthy has the advantage over any other candidate – of either party. By putting his career on the line for no other reason than the good of his country, he has gained credibility among many established citizens of the middle class – Democrat, Republican, independent. To their sons and daughters, he represents the kind of courage and integrity they hear lauded in philosophy lectures, but seldom meet in public life. Thus Senator McCarthy has secured in the core of the electorate a trust and confidence without which no program – however urgent – and no President – however forceful – can prove effective. . . .

Dalton Montoya
Tesuque, N.M.

Sirs:

Arthur Schlesinger's statement that "Senator McCarthy has said that Senator Kennedy took part in the decisions leading up to The Bay of Pigs. Senator McCarthy is mistaken. As one present at all those ghastly meetings, I can testify that the attorney general was not there," seem to contradict his own account in the book, "A Thousand Days." . . . He states on page 238, in reference to the January 22nd Cabinet meeting, that the Cuban project was presented by Allen Dulles and General Lemnitzer "to leading members of the new administration, among them Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara and Robert Kennedy."

Apparently Senator McCarthy was not mistaken.

Sylvia S. Brown
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Perhaps the gravest distortion in Arthur Schlesinger's article ("Why I Am For Kennedy" May 4) was his assertation that: ". . . the public picture of him [Kennedy] as ruthless, calculating and aggressive is almost the opposite of truth."

When Kennedy defeated the incumbent Kenneth Keating in the 1964 New York senatorial race Bruce Felknor, the Chairman of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, wrote to Bobby that his characterization of the Keating record was: "not only false and distorted but also appeared to be either a deliberate and cynical misrepresentation or the result of incredible carelessness."

Richard Long
Culver City, Calif.

More on MACE

Sirs:

I would like to correct our article (May 11, 1968) on Chemical MACE in one respect. All the constituents we listed are indeed present in MACE, but the Freon propellant (1,1,2-trichloro-1,2,2-trifluoroethane), not the 1,1,1 trichloroethane, is the liquid present in highest concentration. Whatever the concentration of 1,1,1 trichloroethane, it may well be responsible for some of MACE's toxic effects. The Freon propellant has effects similar to those of 1,1,1 trichloroethane, especially on the central nervous system, but its degree of toxicity is probably lower.

However, far more important than the composition of MACE is its effect on human subjects. Dr. Rose now has *two* patients with permanent corneal scars, one with decreased vision.

Thomas S. Bodenheimer, MD
Washington, D. C.

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Fit News

Sirs:

I find it ironic that in your editorial comment labeled "Fit News" (April 27), in which you refer to what appeared to be inadequate coverage of McCarthy news in the *Times* "Week in Review," you follow editor Whalen's defense with this parenthetical remark: ("Interesting, since in the New Hampshire primary McCarthy polled 42 percent of the vote to Kennedy's 1.4 percent.")

Do you consider it responsible journalism to quote those statistics without noting that McCarthy's name was on the ballot and Kennedy's was not?

Betty Bavier Whitten
Studio City, Calif.

Truc Giang Not Hue

Sirs:

In his review of *The Return of the Vanishing American* (May 11) Peter Michelson states that the now classic phrase, "We had to destroy the city in order to save it," referred to Hue. Actually the American officer quoted during the Tet offensive was referring to Truc Giang (Ben Tre), a small city in the Mekong Delta which was leveled by American air and ground fire at the cost of thousands of civilian casualties in order to save the district headquarters from Viet Cong capture.

Dana Rotegard
Minneapolis, Minn.

Soul on Ice

Sirs:

Reviewing *Soul on Ice* in *The New Republic,* Richard Gilman compared Eldridge Cleaver with Malcolm X as each painfully "worked himself free of racism." His review quotes Cleaver: "I have, so to speak, washed my hands in the blood of the martyr, Malcolm X, whose retreat from the precipice of madness created new room for others to turn about in, and I am now caught up in that tiny space, attempting a maneuver of my own."

Cleaver had been in prison nine years when he wrote these words. Now he is back in prison, for a few years at least, possibly for life. . . . He himself cannot be free on bail pending trial because his previous parole has been revoked. . . .

Eldridge Cleaver gave up his own safety to organize for self-protection in the ghetto. He jeopardized his parole as soon as he spoke out for jailed Panther leader Huey Newton. He gave up a literary career to undertake the danger and tedium of organizing. Mr. Gilman admires him as the author of *Soul on Ice,* yet as a free man he wrote leaflets, not essays, pamphlets, not novels. Those who appreciate his integrity as an author ought to help materially to free him from that very tiny space, that prison cell in which there is absolutely "no room to maneuver."

Barbara Garson
San Francisco, Calif.

Hang-Up on Hair

Sirs:

David Sanford's analysis of our "Hang-Up on Hair" (April 27), was quite informative. He would perhaps be interested in adding to his source material on hirsutism, the edict against the wearing of long hair issued by Gov. John Endicot of Massachusetts on March 10, 1649.

On that day, reports Thomas Hutchinson in his *History of Massachusetts,* Gov. Endicot and his chief magistrates joined in "manifesting their dislike and detestation against the wearing of long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly whereby men doe deform themselves, and offend sober and modest men, and doe corrupt good manners." It was then and there ordered that all the elders of New England "manifest their zeal" against the wearing of long hair which they have faithfully done to this very day.

Robert C. Roberts
Dedham, Mass.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Edward Chase, *an editor and writer on* public affairs, *writes extensively on corporation and technological change.* James, Finn, *author of the recently published book,* Protest, Pacifism and Politics, *is editor of* Worldview. C. Vann Woodward *is a professor of history at Yale University. His latest book is* The Comparative Approach to American History. Hilary Corke *is a British poet and critic.*

Rebellion at Columbia

Sirs:

It was with a feeling of anger that evolved into despair that I read the version of the recent events on the Columbia campus as described by Messrs. Rader and Anderson in *Rebellion at Columbia* published in the May 11 issue. As a member of the Ad Hoc Faculty Group from its inception on April 25th until its de facto demise on April 30th, I was a participant in some of the events that form the basis for the Rader-Anderson exercise in creative writing. Allow me please, in a few instances, to compare fact with fancy.

1) When Vice President Truman came to the meeting of the Ad Hoc Faculty Group on Thursday night and announced that the police had been called in to restore order on campus, it is true that the announcement was met with vigorous expressions of outrage and dismay (including mine); it is not true that he was "Evicted by the faculty from the hall" and "fled back into

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Low Library pursued by a score of angry, shouting professors." It is true that he left immediately, leaving a stunned and horrified group of men and women who rapidly resolved to send a small group to Low Library to attempt to dissuade the administration from this action while the rest of us went to the five occupied buildings to interpose ourselves between the occupants of the buildings and the police. It is also true that several of my colleagues immediately shouted out their resignations; as far as I know though, they are still on the payroll.

2) It was my bad luck to choose to interpose myself at the one building where the police actually came: the southeast entrance of Low Library. A group of about twenty-five plainclothesmen rather easily forced their way through a group of faculty members standing with linked arms. It is not true that "many teachers were hurt." It is true that one rather zealous Instructor sustained a scalp injury that required emergency treatment at Saint Luke's Hospital; he received a hero's welcome several hours later when he attended our meeting that morning. It is not true that the "SDS had won a clubbed and outraged faculty to its side." Those members of the faculty, and there were some, who had long since supported the SDS, continued their support; those, such as I, who deplored the tactics of the SDS, deplored them even more.

During the night of the final police actions I was neither in, nor deployed in front of, any of the cleared buildings. I was, however, at South Field and can attest to the incredible police bestiality wrought there upon non-participating spectators. From what I witnessed there, I could not rule out any brutal stupidity that might be ascribed to the New York Police.

3) It is not true that ". . . the ad hoc faculty committee . . . argued through the night . . ." knowing ". . . that after the crisis the faculty would emerge as the controlling power at the university . . ." and thus were debating ". . . the mechanics for exercising that power." They were, less romantically, working out ways of implementing their two self-assumed tasks: to prevent violence between opposing groups of students on campus and to find a formula, acceptable to the administration and to the students, that would get the students peacefully out of the buildings. We were successful in our first chore; a sad failure in our second.

4) The article implies that a meeting of the joint faculties was called by an irate faculty which then proceeded to take over the direction of the University from a repudiated administration. In point of fact, both meetings of the general faculty at Morningside Heights were convened by the President. While such a meeting is unprecedented, it violates no University Statute known to me. I am sure that the executive committee that was, indeed, established at the second of these meetings, will be amused to learn that it is "issuing directives on all university activity." Suffice it to say that I have not received even one such directive.

5) The implication that the Trustees and the administration dictate academic matters at Columbia borders on the insane. The Charter and Statutes of the University do, as a matter of fact, give them that power; to have exercised the power would have long since caused Columbia to have vanished.

6) I know of no petition from the faculty for a Faculty Senate that was ever made, let alone rejected by the President and Trustees.

J. M. Miller
New York, N.Y.

In reply . . .

I was there, and the only mistake I recognize in our article is the figure on the police. The official report is 1,000. We said 2,000. The actual figure is somewhere in between.

Dotson Rader

Sirs:

In their *Report from the Barricades* (May 11), Dotson Rader and Craig Anderson wrote that together with Dwight Macdonald I "joined the protest inside the liberated halls" of Columbia University. May I point out that I am studying the students' protests in Germany, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, etc. and that (as I explained to them at the time) I visited the students who had barricaded themselves in President Kirk's offices simply as an observer. As an Englishman I am hardly in a position to express an opinion about the Columbia gymnasium. However, now that I have read your contributors' article I see that there is one matter about which I am entitled to join the students in their protest. This is against the covert manipulation by the CIA and similar organizations of persons and of activities which are supposedly free. When it was demonstrated to me that beyond doubt the magazine *Encounter* which I co-edited had been receiving money not from the sources stated but from the CIA (despite the repeated denials to me of rumors to this effect by American colleagues who knew) I resigned in protest, as did my colleague Frank Kermode. I consider that the cynicism and corruption implicit in the CIA cultural activities largely characterize an older generation in the eyes of the young. And I think that the old should dissociate themselves from such activities and denounce them when and where they occur, in this at least taking sides with the young. I feel that to the extent to which I was used by the CIA I incurred the right to protest, and in objecting to such dishonorable methods I consider myself an honorary American.

Stephen Spender
London

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Kauffmann, *from page 26*

ing fictitious uniforms, to deliver notices from the "King," telling the young men that they must come along and be *carabiniers* (riflemen) in the King's war. The young men are neither bright nor appealing (a good touch, their membership in the commonalty), and they are quickly won over by descriptions of loot they will garner and by advance permission to break children's arms. They go along with the soldiers. The girls soon entertain a gentleman caller.

Postcards are a main device. Many Brechtian titles are flashed on the screen, describing the young men's war experiences, all of them in postcard scrawl (we frequently see the girls going to the mailbox to pick up the cards); the bulk of the film consists of scenes showing what the postcards have already described. And when the young men come home, their loot consists only of a valise full of postcards, which – again in a Brechtian-gull way – they treat as payment for their years of wandering and killing. There is even an organ tune reminiscent of Weill under the very long scene where they pull out the cards, one by one, with feebleminded pleasure as if they had indeed brought home the palaces and treasures and women that are pictured. Then there is a postwar revolution. The war has been lost; the royalists accuse democrats, Marxists, and Jews of a stab in the back; and in the hubbub, when the two young men go to collect some real loot, they are shot.

To emphasize the primitivist effect, Godard uses some early film references. Roy Armes has noted, in *French Cinema Since 1946*, that some sequences pointedly refer to films by Louis Lumière, the French film pioneer. There is a scene in a movie theatre that suggests Keaton and Sennett comedies. There are several suggestions of Chaplin's *Shoulder Arms*. Also, Godard sometimes quickly fades to black, then quickly fades in on the same shot – a stylistic equivalent of the jump-cuts in *Breathless* – as if to make sure we never forget that we are watching the "pretense" of a film.

In the nine-year spate of Godard's work *Les Carabiniers* seems to me one of his more satisfactory films. It is not necessary to construct a style *for* it, as some Godard enthusiasts have done in other instances, using the record of his cascading whims, energies, and impulses as proof of an esthetics – simply because all these things are photographed and permanent. *Les Carabiniers* has shape and commitment. (One serious flaw is the use of newsreel shots: real bodies diminish the larger, unrealistic points that the film is trying to make.) But, leaving aside the tedium of such scenes as the long postcard inventory, there is, I think, a barrier between this film and us.

Godard has – soundly – decided to view his story about the slaveries of war from an abstract angle. But he then proceeds to tell us nothing we don't already know – "know" in the emotional or psychical sense. Imagination is not enlarged for us; cognition is not deepened. We simply watch a charade which, with some exceptions, is largely foreseeable once it is begun. With so little of new depth or powerful restatement for us, the film begins to backfire on Godard. Because he uses his method to relatively weak ends, the film eventually seems only an advertisement of his cleverness in choosing the method.

I revert yet again to Lester's *How I Won the War*, as comparison with *Les Carabiniers*. Lester used a diametrically opposed approach: complexity, pyrotechnics, an incessant barrage of styles, methods, textures. Lester's choice seems much more appropriate to the complexities of war today. Godard's simplistic treatment is more egotistical, despite Lester's obvious exhibitionism. This is because Godard seems to be saying, "Let's get down to fundamentals," but gets down to very little we are not emotionally and otherwise aware of, and thus eventually is only professing his own childlike purity. Lester seems to be saying, "I am going to dazzle the daylights out of you with fireworks, parody, horseplay; and whirl them all so quickly that they form a buzzsaw – to cut into your psyches, right down to the bases of this persistent human obscenity." His cinematic circus *does* get down to fundamentals; Godard's simplified abstraction does not.

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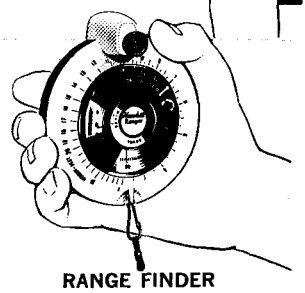

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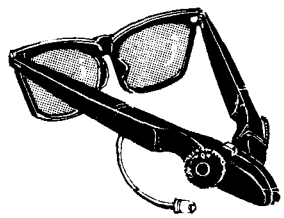

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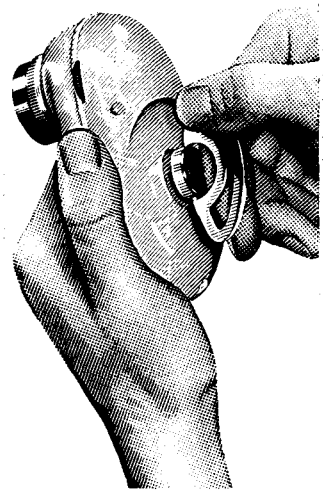

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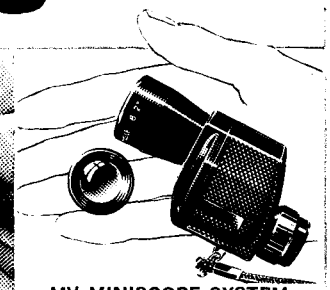

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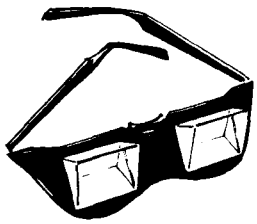

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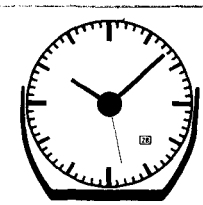

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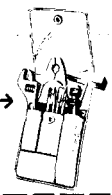

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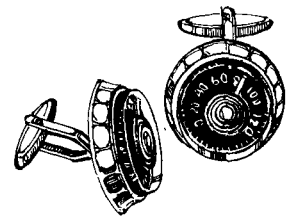

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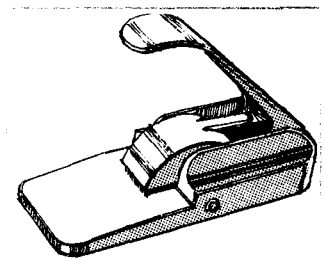

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